

Murder Husbands Ficlets/One Shots/Vignettes

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Murder Husbands Ficlets/One Shots/Vignettes

by [WrathoftheStag](#)

Summary

Crack, ficlets, etc. on everyone's favorite Murder Husbands: Hannibal and Will. Plus some special appearances by the rest of the gang.

10 Exchanges That Can Only Be Considered Completely Domestic in the Lecter-Graham Household

1. "Have you seen the stain stick? This guy's kidney refuses to leave my henley."
2. "Remind me once more, Will. Do we like this person or not?"
"Yes, he's on the No Kill List."
3. "I have decided I need to add to my list of pet names for you. What do you think of My Little Sweetbreads?"
4. "Hannibal! One of the dogs found the femur buried in the backyard!"
5. "This reminds me of that one time you tried to kill me."
"Which time, my love?"
6. "Well I am not the one who decided to get married to that woman."
"Well I'm not the one who put a hit out on her."
7. "If you're going to the store we're out of cream -- and we need another five gallons of bleach."
8. "This centerpiece would be complete if I had just a few more scarabs."
9. "I really wish you would stop wearing that Murder Husbands t-shirt. It's such a bad photo of me."
10. "Darling, I've asked you to please not track blood into the garage."

Bonus:

"Did you know that there are people writing fan fiction about us? Apparently, our portmanteau is 'Hannigram.'"
"How dreadful!"

Subingalvis

Chapter Summary

When Hannibal has had enough of your shit but he *really* loves you now, so he can't kill you...

Chapter Notes

This was going to be a one shot -- but I lost steam and didn't see it going anywhere. Now, I'm just sticking it here.

What does Domestic!Hannibal look like when he gets annoyed with Will, and can't get all stabby about it? Also, so many people are always like "Save Will!" but honestly, Will is kind of a shit a lot of times. Maybe I'll do more with this at some point, but for now let's just be a fly on the wall in the Lecter-Graham household and the domestic minutiae even they have to deal with.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Hannibal was on his hands and knees scrubbing dog urine out of the powder room floor tile grout. He was trying to remain calm about the situation because he was, in fact, the one who had suggested getting a dog. Encephalitis was house trained and for the most part, quite an agreeable animal but a recent urinary tract infection had her temporarily incontinent.

Will had returned from a run and came in through the back door. Hannibal could hear him running through the kitchen, down the hall, and bursting into the powder room.

"Don't mind me! I just really have to pee – have had to for the last mile," he said as he raised the toilet seat and started to urinate while doing an inconspicuous pee-pee dance.

Hannibal, still on his hands and knees, with a scrub brush in one hand instantly stopped and could not believe what was going on in his presence. Not only was he on the bathroom floor, scrubbing dog urine, Will was standing a mere two feet away from him relieving himself, AND he was wearing muddy gym shoes in the house leaving a trail of mud and filth behind him.

Usually Hannibal can present a master class on restraint. If a lecture called "Chill: How to Achieve and Maintain It" existed you can bet that Hannibal Lecter would be the main speaker – but at this moment his precious murderous mongoose was on his last fucking Lithuanian nerve.

"William Graham!" Hannibal roared.

"Jesus Christ! What?" Will yelped.

"I am not sure if you are aware that I am here, laboring in filth and chemicals, disinfecting OUR HOME because of a mess YOUR dog left in OUR bathroom. And you come while I am trying to

vanquish this mess and proceed to urinate while I am here, cleaning, and on top of everything else, you charmingly track mud throughout the house.”

Will stared at Hannibal, sheepishly pulled up his shorts all the way, flushed the toilet and quietly walked out of the bathroom, only to poke his head back in and add, “You don’t have to be so melodramatic about it.”

Hannibal sat there, closed his eyes thinking, *I love this person. Mischa give me strength not to add him to my Rolodex.* He took off his gloves, got up from the floor and slowly walked out of the powder room behind Will who was in the kitchen getting some water.

“Will?”

“Yes.”

“You are aware of how much I love you, aren’t you?”

“Um...yes.”

“And really, I would never do anything *now* to hurt you. You do realize that?”

“Yes...Hannibal. What’s going on?”

“I just find it rather amusing that for most of our relationship, people would try to save you from me but sometimes you really are a complete and utter... *subingalvis*.”

“I don’t know what that means but I don’t think I like the sound of it,” Will said, as he put his glass of water down on the counter and furrowed his brow.

“Perhaps you should look it up? If you like, I can spell it for you!” and with that Hannibal left the room.

Chapter End Notes

Subingalvis = Asshole in Lithuanian

Encephalitis

Chapter Summary

What's it like to be the dog living with Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham? Let Encephalitis tell you for herself.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

I wake up before they do -- the two that love me. So I don't call to them, I let them sleep. I think they dream, the way I do. I dream of chasing a stick or sometimes of big, big grass. It is nice there. So I let them dream. They touch each other, even when they sleep. Always. I like that. They pet each other's face and arms. Even when they sleep.

There are two of them; the two that love me. There is the one that jumps and runs with me, and the bigger one that gives me special foods when the other one is not here.

The smol one has hair like mine, and it curls. Sometimes he has things on his face on top of his eyes. Sometimes he doesn't. The bigger one has hair on his head that doesn't curl. But his other hair curls. He has a nice face and it smiles a lot when he is looking at Smol. I think his name is Smol Man, at least that's what it sounds like to me. Bigger one is Hand Able. He works with his hands a lot.

I jump off the bed to go drink water. Down the steps, one, two, seven, four. Our house is big, with lots of rooms but Hand Able's favorite is the food room. It's there where he makes all the special treats for Smol. I see him cutting big pieces of treats into smaller pieces of treats, and putting them over the hot. When Smol is not in the house, Hand Able sings in the food room. One time he danced, I jumped and jumped and jumped next to him while he danced and laugh. The song he sing was about love. Roma ro ma ma. Sometimes Hand Able is funny.

I like when he gives Smol treats at the table. He is always touching Smol, and Smol presses his face to Hand Ables' a lot. It makes my tail go swish, swish, swish. And then Hand Able will wave his arm under the table and give me a treat. I crawl on my belly to eat it. It's good.

A lot of times they are on the ground like me. All over the house. They do this a lot a lot of times without clothes. Or they are on the table in the food room. Or in the yard. Or the room with the hot on the floor. It's funny. Or they be in the bed, but not asleep. I think they're playing a game, and the bigger one seems to win a lot of the time. But I don't think Smol cares. He smiles.

Sometimes they wake me, and I have to leave the room so I can sit in the quiet and sleep.

One time I was scared because Hand Able came home and red was coming out of his arm. Smol was scared and began talking loudly. Smol ran and came back and cleaned Hand Able, and Smol was shaking. Shaking like I do when the rain makes the loud noises; shaking like the squirrel when I chase him.

Smol told Hand Able he had to be careful, more careful. And he was afraid. I didn't like it. So I went to Smol and Hand Able and I said, I am here and I love you and I will protect our home. I don't think

they hear me. But when Hand Able said he was sorry and he'll be more careful, then they hold each other a lot. A lot. Maybe they know I will protect them.

I can hear them awake now, so I run back upstairs to see them. The two that love me.

Chapter End Notes

I may have lost my mind.

Tell Me Something

Chapter Summary

No plot, really. Just a quick writing exercise/ficlet of these two having a sweet moment together in bed. Who doesn't like listening in on postcoital Hannigram pillow talk?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was during these moments just after Will and Hannibal are finished, while the serotonin and endorphins still pulse throughout their bodies, that they can slowly come down together and let anything at all tumble out of their mouths.

"Tell me something," Will asked while he rested on his stomach, head turned on his folded arms, looking at Hannibal who was on his side stroking Will's hair.

"Hmmm..." Hannibal said as a response.

"What was your favorite book as a child?"

"As a child? It was *Animal Farm*."

"Orwell? Seriously, love? Jesus, that speaks volumes on who you were meant to be." Will chuckled as he bent his knees and slowly swayed his legs back and forth.

"What about you, *mylimasis*?"

"I loved *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*. I dreamt of finding a place where I could escape and no one would know me. I wanted to reinvent myself. Always."

"You have a version of that with me now, don't you?" Hannibal smiled softly.

"Yes, I suppose I do."

"Now tell *me* something," Hannibal said.

"Anything."

"Tell me about your first kiss. Girl? Or boy?"

Will closed his eyes and grinned, "Girl. It was outside a church of all places."

"*Scandale*," Hannibal said with a perfect accent. "How old were you?"

"Well I was terribly shy and awkward so I was almost 15, and I didn't even instigate it. It was the summer before I began high school."

"Outside a church. That is endearing, actually."

“The one friend I had, her name was Rosie, was part of the church choir and I would go with her to choir practice sometimes. The choir director didn’t mind. I just liked listening to them sing, it really soothed me. There was a girl named Vera who volunteered in the rectory answering the phone and doing some filing. I thought she was cute.”

“Vera what?” Hannibal smiled and poked Will on the shoulder.

“Too late to go and find her now. Anyway, we would see each other and smile but never spoke. One day I walked outside during practice, and Vera was sitting on the front steps of the church. I sat with her, we talked for a bit and then she just leaned over without warning and kissed me. So I kissed her back.”

“Show me how,” Hannibal said.

Will moved closer and gently pressed his lips to Hannibal’s, slowly parting them, licking into Hannibal’s mouth.

Hannibal leaned back and broke the kiss, “I am surprised she didn’t make you her boyfriend right then and there.”

“Like I said, too awkward. We didn’t talk afterward and then she started dating some sports neanderthal. Tell me something...”

“Yes?” Hannibal gently bit Will’s shoulder.

“When were you most happy?”

“When I first met you,” Hannibal responded.

“Well when were you most unhappy?”

“When I first met you,” Hannibal replied again.

Will gave him a quizzical look.

“When I first met you I knew I needed you in my life, one way or another. But I was aware that if you were not as enamored as I was, then it would be...messy.”

“Messy. That is putting it incredibly mildly. Was I worth the fight?”

“Yes, absolutely. Tell me something else,” Hannibal said with a gentle smile.

Will looked at him, as his toes caressed Hannibal’s shin, “Yes.”

“Would you like red or white wine?”

“Red.”

Hannibal kissed Will softly on the cheek and walked out of their bedroom, naked, to get the wine.

mylimasis = beloved

Anaïs

Chapter Summary

Another pet? Yes, another pet.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hannibal and Will found it asleep underneath their rhododendron bush in the backyard, early in the morning. It blinked slowly and looked at them both, all softness and fur, yawning without shame.

“We should keep it.”

“Well...”

“I think we should.”

“We already have enough pets, my love. Encephalitis, [Simone](#)...”

“That is true, so one more couldn’t possibly make a difference.”

“But this one?”

“This one is precious; sleek, cunning, most likely a natural predator.”

“My darling, love of my life, if we agree to take this beastie in, you can’t complain when it starts leaving hair all over everything.”

“At this point, I am used to it.”

“Are you sure I can’t convince you otherwise? I have very persuasive methods.”

“Yes, I’m aware.”

Lifting it gingerly, they both examined its underside.

“Well, it’s a girl. What are you going to name her?”

“Anaïs.”

“Anaïs, is it?”

“Yes, to be sure.”

“Very well.”

Will kissed Hannibal, and Hannibal raised one hand to run it through Will’s hair. A hum of approval exited Will’s lips. Anaïs purred in Hannibal’s embrace, her green eyes becoming more alert.

“I haven’t had a cat since I was a child, when my family had a barn cat,” Hannibal said. “I thought I was above ever wanting one, but this beauty proved me wrong.”

Will smiled looking at Hannibal petting Anaïs and shook his head. “I’ll leave you two lovebirds alone to get acquainted,” and then he walked toward the back door. Just before he closed it, he popped his head out and said, “And don’t think I’ll be cleaning the litter box all the time. Your cat, your job.” He then closed the door.

Hannibal smiled, and lifted Anaïs up with one hand above his head and whispered, “Do not listen, Anaïs.” Then he added in Lithuanian, “The tiny queen gets what the tiny queen wants.”

Chapter End Notes

Of course Hannibal named her after [Anaïs Nin](#). Of course he did.

Sometimes, He Just Can't Help It

Chapter Summary

Teeny weeny ficlet.
Hannibal just can't help it.

Will was sitting at the kitchen table with his laptop, reading an article on gardening trying to figure out which damn flowers would be most appropriate for their planting zone. Gazing at the screen, he tilted his head, brow furrowed, utterly engrossed. Hydrangeas, roses, calla lilies.

Hannibal watched from the island where he was rolling some basil, creating perfect chiffonade. He paused his knife work, resting the tip of the blade gently into the butcher block to study Will with pure fascination; the kind of fascination that overtook him every now and then when he was struck with the thought of Will forever at his side.

When Will began to chew on his lower lip, Hannibal set the knife down, walked over in three long strides, and grabbing him by the hair with one hand, pulled back Will's head, cupping the side of his face with the other.

Will blinked hard, in total surprise, as Hannibal stared at him, eyes brushing across his face intently. He leaned down, kissed Will firmly once, then let go and walked back to his herbs. Will swallowed, adjusted his glasses and smoothed his curls as he cleared his throat, trying to compose himself.

In the corner of the kitchen, Anaïs and Simone lounged on Encephalitis' bed watching them both, and yawned.

And Sometimes, He Just Can't Help It

Chapter Summary

Teeny weeny ficlet.
Will just can't help it either.

The way the sunlight comes in from the window in the kitchen, shadowing Hannibal's shoulders and back as he stirs whatever creation he has going on the stove, is a thing to pause for and appreciate.

Will watches from the kitchen table, head in hand, as Hannibal stills to consider the action going on in the pot. One hand on hip, wooden spoon in the other, Hannibal's weight shifts to his right leg. The scent of rosemary and sage waft through the air.

It is in these moments, these truly domestic moments, when Hannibal is perfectly at ease -- biting a piece of beef snatched from the pot, unaware of all that is around him -- that Will wonders with fantastic curiosity and awe, how did they end up here? From a pull off a cliff to a house overlooking one. It makes no sense, and yet all the sense in the world.

Will practically knocks down the chair as he walks up to hug Hannibal from behind, wrapping his arms around him tightly, so tightly. Hannibal leans back into the embrace, and offers Will a taste from the spoon.

Rewatch Drabbles: "Tea Kettle" and "Plat du Jour"

Chapter Summary

Hannibal Rewatch Drabbles for Episode 1 (Apéritif) and Episode 3 (Potage) as part of an ongoing Tumblr thingy.

Of course, I forgot Episode 2 -- but I may plop it in here.

"Tea Kettle"

Theresa Marlow thought about Sarah every day since finding her again, while shopping for a tea kettle. Their long ago summer in Madrid as exchange students had been the best of their lives. Sarah's kisses still kept her company, even when it was Thomas' lips.

Theresa decided definitively to end her marriage. Marrying your college sweetheart was bad enough, marrying your high school sweetheart was just pathetic.

When the security company asked what she wanted as her password, Theresa replied with a smile, "Tea kettle."

Sarah would be ready and waiting for their new beginning. Sadly, she'd be waiting forever...



"Plat du Jour"

Dear lord in heaven.

The complete and utter gall. Is nothing sacred anymore?

In all my days, I have never seen such blatant rudeness. Here I am with my Will and I have to interrupt our special time to look at – and deal – with this.

Hannibal, remain calm. Heartbeat steady, facial expression neutral. This damn ginger will be the death of her.

I swear to god if Miss Lounds left an ass print on my Bentley, she shall be next week's plat du jour, all week, at Hanni's House of Meats.

“Miss Lounds, now is not the time.”



Such a Heavenly Way to Die

Chapter Summary

From a Tumblr prompt by [We Conquer at Dawn](#):

Petition for a Florence arc AU where instead of murderously acting out Hannibal shuts himself in his room and all Bedelia can hear through the door is the sound of "[There Is A Light That Never Goes Out](#)" being continually plonked out on the harpsichord.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It starts every evening, immediately after dinner. Even though she's practically sucked down an entire bottle of wine, Bedelia always has the wherewithal to switch to whiskey once Hannibal excuses himself and moves to the harpsichord. That is her cue to retreat to her bedroom posthaste. The instant the G note is plucked from the harpsichord Bedelia wishes Hannibal would just put her out of her misery.

"Jesus Christ! For the love of god," she mutters to herself taking a swig from her glass, slamming the bedroom door behind her. She plops down onto her bed with a huff of breath.

It was a partnership of convenience for the most part. Hannibal had shown up at her safe house, bloodied and emotionally wrecked thanks to that damn Will Graham. She imagined that Florence could be...interesting. How could she say no? Seriously, how could she when he had found her? Really had no choice. Still, there were worse fates than Italy with Hannibal Lecter. If she'd only known then what she damn well knew now.

The music, in and of itself was fine, tolerable even. She'd gone through a Smiths phase herself when she was in high school; Meat is Murder and what not. (Never let it be said fate was humorless. Stuck with Hannibal meat was truly murder.) But she got over it, and by the time she was in medical school she had her own person suit to wear and musical idolatry had no part to play in that scenario.

But now...now she had to deal with this man. This nearly fifty-fucking-year-old man playing music about lamented love and loss, and the only song that seemed fitting enough was "There is a Light that Never Goes Out." She took another sip of whiskey.

"Never goes out, indeed," she said as she sat all the way up, sighed and looked out her window at the Florentine night.

The worst part -- the absolute worst part -- was when Hannibal would begin to sing along; only you wouldn't necessarily classify it as singing per se. It was more spoken word than actual singing.

The harpsichord expelled notes, while Hannibal spoke:

I never want to go home.

(A dramatic sigh.)

Because I haven't got one...anymore.

(The harpsichord continued to sing, while Hannibal droned on.)

*And if a ten ton truck,
Kills the both of us,
To die by your side
Well the pleasure,*

(A dramatic pause.)

the privilege is mine.

She'd had enough, and if Hannibal killed her well then he killed her. Bedelia was done. She jumped off her bed, walked out to the living room and shouted at Hannibal, "Can you PLEASE just knock it off? You are a grown man, for fuck's sake! Buck up! Play another goddamn song, you loon."

Hannibal stopped and looked at her startled, while she stomped to her secret cubbyhole in the wall and procured her "medicinal" pouch.

Bedelia slammed her bedroom door and took out her syringe and medication. A few moments later the music resumed. Still the same song, but by this point her magical elixir began pulsing through her bloodstream and Bedelia found herself not caring anymore.

*And if a ten ton truck,
Kills the both of us,
To die by your side
Well the pleasure,
the privilege is mine...*

She lowered herself back onto her bed, and muttered softly, "There is a light that never goes out. There is a light that never goes out," until the room faded to black.

Chapter End Notes

For [We Conquer at Dawn](#).

Tell Me About the Forest You Once Called Home

Chapter Summary

Hannibal remembers his childhood.

Chapter Notes



See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“When I was a very small boy, before my sister was with me, I would often hide from my parents and run into the forest behind our home. I felt that it called to me -- that I should be there. Sometimes I would carry our cat, Medus, with me as a witness to my adventures. She would try to jump away from me, and I would laugh and laugh.

Once my sister was born, I had an accomplice in my adventures, for our home and land seemed so very vast and I needed someone to see what I saw, to feel what I felt, and make it real.

Taking her by the hand, we would walk and pick berries and mushrooms. I would clean the berries with my shirt before putting them in her mouth. Her mouth red from the juices; face bright and smiling. We would walk together and when we would tire, we would lie on our backs and look up at the trees wondering where they ended...when they ended. Could we climb up and see?

And our mother would call us back home, not with her voice but with the smell of bread baking.

So when my sister would tire and want to return, she would lift her arms to me and I would carry her back and smell her hair. It smelled of grass and sunlight and happiness. And I was happy, and believed in the good of the natural world around me.

And then it all changed.”

Will listened to Hannibal, and wrapped his arms around him from behind. Water splashed gently around them. The only sound was the dripping of the faucet in the bathtub.

“I love you,” said Will softly.

“I know,” Hannibal replied.

Chapter End Notes

Inspired in part by [this song](#) by [Dead Can Dance](#).

Medus = Honey

Tummy Time

Chapter Summary

Short little one shot where Will expounds on the wonders that is Hannibal's tummy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

After a while, when newness and excitement begin to give way to familiarity, couples relax into the established intimacy and comfort of their partnership; such was the case with Will Graham and Hannibal Lecter.

Each knew how the other took their coffee, what positions they preferred to sleep in, how to forgive and forget, and when the other was in a foul mood before even a single word was spoken -- for Hannibal knew better than to even try to reason with Will when he would start cleaning his fishing lures and arrange them by size; and Will knew to get out of Hannibal's way when he began humming Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique*.

That was closeness. That was ease. That was love.

Hannibal had always been in peak physical condition, a lifetime of fighting and running had kept him strong and slender. After a few years with Will he began to soften a little; age and happiness assisting him in this endeavour. Will found Hannibal irresistible during their life together, but this new development -- this adorable tummy that had grown over time -- began to endear itself to Will and to signify a new level of comfort and home. Hannibal was less enthralled with it than Will, however.

During one cozy afternoon, Will was stretched across the couch head firmly settled on Hannibal's tummy, reading *Geek Love* for the umpteenth time. Hannibal in turn contemplated the view outside the window while he contentedly sipped on his glass of wine, until he looked down at Will's head. Hannibal noticed how Will seemed to snuggle his head into the tummy as if it were the world's softest pillow. Hannibal furrowed his brow, and then cleared his throat.

Will, engrossed in his book, did not look up but merely said, "Hmm..." as a way of questioning.

Another throat clearing, followed by a faked cough which caused Will's head to bounce up and down.

Will turned his head slightly to look up at Hannibal, glasses perched low on his nose, and asked, "Yes?"

"Will, I would rather you not use...me as your pillow."

"What?" Will closed his book, sat up slowly, and scoot next to Hannibal with legs crossed, "Since when?"

"Well, that is to say..." Hannibal suddenly blushed and looked away.

"What is it, love?" Will asked, a look of concern spreading across his face.

“I...it makes me feel self-conscious about my paunch,” Hannibal said without looking at Will. Encephalitis whined quietly.

“Your paunch?” Will asked as he took off his glasses. He gently turned Hannibal’s face with his hand, so that he would look at Will. “Are you serious?”

“Quite,” Hannibal replied. “I admit that I may have let myself go slightly. It’s been very easy to feel comfortable with you, to settle down and enjoy our lives. Unfortunately, it’s made me somewhat torpid, I’m afraid.” Hannibal rubbed his tummy as he spoke.

“Hannibal.”

“Will.”

Will smirked, and shook his head.

“I’m glad this amuses you, Will. At the very least, one of us should be amused with this development,” Hannibal said as he poked his tummy.

“Love, believe me when I say this: your tummy is what makes you even more *magnificent*. Without it, well you’d practically be a god.”

Hannibal huffed skeptically.

Will continued, “As it is, you are a demigod. I have to look at you from the corner of my eyes. I need those solar filters people have to use during an eclipse to see you. I’m afraid that I will spontaneously combust one day while I’m looking at you. Boom! So long, Will. The tummy -- which I adore -- is actually keeping me safe. It’s allowing you to walk among us mere mortals. So I thank you, society thanks you, our dogs and cat thank you...”

Hannibal chuckled softly, “Very well, mongoose. Who am I to argue, and endanger your safety?”

“And now to show you how much I love the tummy, I shall zerbert it,” Will declared with one hand on his hip, the other hand pointing into the air.

“What exactly is a zerbert? I do not think I want to know.”

“Why don’t I just show you?” Will said with a huge smile as he leaned over to lift Hannibal’s shirt.

The sound of Hannibal’s surprised laughter echoed throughout their entire home.

Chapter End Notes

For all you fellow Mads' tummy enthusiasts.

April is the Cruellest Month

Chapter Summary

Hannibal does the unthinkable to Will. Yeah, worse than stabbing him in the gut, trying to cut open his head, killing Abigail. Why, Hanni?

Chapter Notes

A fic prompt I read on a website suggested incorporating lines from a famous poem to write a sad short fic. Being a T.S. Eliot enthusiast, I picked *The Waste Land* and then thought, what would be saddest thing I could possibly write about? Oh, man. This is sad. I'm sorry (not sorry). Really...

UPDATE: Hey, there's a [sequel](#) to this. Yes, it's good news.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Are you really doing this?” Will asked as the tears continued to flow. It was beyond his control at this point. “Hannibal? Are you *really* doing this?”

Will stood by the door and stared at the suitcase in the room. Hannibal sat at the edge of the bed, unable to look at Will who had just gotten out of the shower; his hair wet, skin flushed, dressed in old pajamas. Hannibal had made up his mind two months ago, but was postponing this moment until he could no longer do so.

“Hannibal?”

Hannibal cleared his throat. His line of sight never leaving his feet, he knew if he looked at Will his resolve would crumble. Two years ago, Hannibal would have set fire to the world for Will. All Will had to do was ask. Will was his partner, his lover, his reason for being, but now...

“Hannibal? You can't even bear look at me, can you?”

How does one go from being in love with someone to just loving someone? Will walked to Hannibal and dropped to his knees, grabbing Hannibal's hands.

“What can I do?” Will asked, the desperation in his voice hitching higher and higher. “Tell me, what can I do?”

Hannibal replied softly, “There is nothing for you to do. This...I must heed my feelings. I do not want to hurt you but -- “

Will laughed bitterly. “Well then don't. Do you see nothing? Do you remember nothing? This is me.”

Hannibal looked up at Will, and realized he really could not bear to look at him and turned away immediately.

“Do you remember nothing?” Will whispered again, the tears streaming down his face, rolling off his chin.

“Will, I love you but we both know things have not been right between us for some time. If I stay, it will only get worse and I don’t want to...” Hannibal’s voice trailed off.

“You don’t want to what? Hurt me? Kill me?”

“Yes,” Hannibal said softly.

“You are doing it right now.” Will wept and said through his hiccups, “You promised us a new start. What about that?” Will hurled himself against Hannibal, wrapping him in a tight embrace. Hannibal made no comment, but merely stroked Will’s wet hair.

“I will love you always,” Will continued, “but right now if you choose to stay with me because you feel sorry for me and not because you love me too, then I will hate you forever.”

“Will, I must go.”

Will stood up, inhaled deeply and said, “Then go,” and walked out of the bedroom.

The tone of Will’s voice felt like a slap to Hannibal’s face. Hannibal sat numbly for a moment until his brain allowed one half-formed thought to pass, “Well now that’s done: and I’m glad it’s over.” But he knew it was a lie.

He walked over to his suitcase and rolled it out of the room, out the front door. And as Hannibal Lecter drove away from Will Graham and their life together, he recalled some lines from *The Waste Land*:

*Your arms full, and your hair wet I could not
Speak, and my eyes failed I was neither
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing*

Chapter End Notes

ducks out of the room and hides

[The Waste Land](#) by T. S. Eliot, 1922.

Winner Takes All

Chapter Summary

Quick drabble follow up to "Rainy Days and Mondays Always Get Me Drunk."

Chapter Notes

Inspired by my [Murder Bestie's comment](#) on that fic: "Hmmmm....I think they should play another round of Uno to decide!"

You'll have to read [Rainy Days and Mondays Always Get Me Drunk](#) in order for this to make a lick of sense.

Hannibal and Will were both too hung over to really argue rationally as to who was in the right. While it was true that Will had said he would do anything for Hannibal, it was extremely unreasonable for Hannibal to expect Will to be able to do anything that morning. Technically they were both still drunk. So they did what any two rational grown men would do: a winner takes all, no holds barred Uno game.

"I can't believe you're making us do this, Hannibal."

"I do recall you saying 'anything,' Will. Is it too much to ask that you hold true to your word and not continue to allow Encephalitis to defecate all over our yard?"

"Jesus, fine -- but I deal." Will dealt them each 20 cards.

"What is this?"

"You want to play, so we'll play."

"I can barely hold these, Will. You are being ridiculous."

Will held all 20 cards in his hand, and fanned them out easily as he said, "What happened to your surgeon hands, Doctor?"

"Oh, sod off," Hannibal replied.

Will couldn't help but laugh. Hannibal stared at him and was soon joining Will as well in the laughter.

"Will, you really are adorable," Hannibal sighed.

"I love you, you big dummy," Will said.

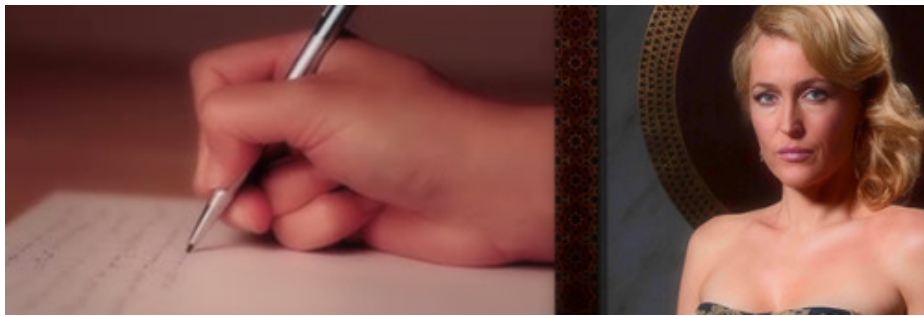
Hannibal leaned over and kissed him, "As I do you. Now go walk the damn dog."

From the Journal of Bedelia du Maurier

Chapter Summary

Just what the title says. A quick one shot from Bedelia's POV on Hannibal and Will, and human nature.

Chapter Notes



I know I shouldn't keep a journal, it's messy and careless, but living with this love struck idiot I need some outlet, lest I begin taking a stroll down *his* path.

Florence is lovely, both because and in spite of the company. H tried to put up a strong front the first few weeks we were here. We did the usual obnoxious tourist things. We crossed the Ponte Vecchio, toured the Uffizi, I watched as he sketched David and H was smiling -- most of the time.

Then it all began to fall apart. First there were the nightly concerts at the harpsichord. (I've calculated how much push I would need to actually defenestrate the damn thing. Turns out, it's much more than what I am capable of.) Then, he started sighing. And I don't mean a subtle exhalation. No, I mean a deep, angst-filled sigh that would send any 1940's overacting starlet running from the room. It is so very odd to me, that H can be capable of the cruelest monstrosities, and yet fall apart so easily like a teenager in love. Weakness is what it is, and it is that weakness that lets me know I will make it out of this in one piece. I will know what to do when the time comes. I am me, after all.

Of course, the source of all this angst and foofaraw is the endlessly annoying and twitchy W. Oh that he were in front of me right now, the pleasure I would take in slapping that obnoxious righteousness right off his darling face. What H sees in him, I'll never fully understand. Or, perhaps, I do.

I recognize a fighter when I see one, just as easily as I know a manipulator and a liar. And W is all three, though in varying degrees. He might have had everyone else fooled with his "woe is me" act, but I saw right through him from the start. I can recognize cruelty and deceit, and certainly when someone is wearing a person suit. H was easy, and W may as well have been ringing a bell

announcing it to the world. It is no wonder they were drawn to each other. They are like a couple of middle aged Leopold and Loeb's.

It's fascinating really, how many people W fooled. Beneath the meek, educator, poor little empath, lurked a dangerous, reckless, manipulative man. I am thankful that for the most part, H is honest about who he is, what he is. W is not -- and that makes him the worst of us all.

But then again, who am I to judge? If I can smell your weakness, your vulnerability, I will be there like a jackal waiting to feast. Still, at least I'm honest about who I am.

For the most part, anyway.

B.

I Would Light the Dark World on Fire and Bathe in its Ashes, If You Asked Me To

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hannibal had been gone for two days and two nights, which was far too long for Will Graham's liking. At this point, Will didn't care about whatever bank transactions Hannibal had to secure in one of his many accounts. All he cared was that Hannibal was gone, and needed him back now.

Hannibal's Bentley pulled into their driveway around midnight. Exhausted from the long day and seven hour drive from Geneva, he walked into their home, dropped his keys on the hallway table, and pulled off his tie, uncharacteristically leaving it on the chair in the entryway.

Hannibal figured Will must be asleep for the house to be so quiet, so dark. Everything felt normal, no hidden dangers lurking in the silent corners of the home, so Hannibal entered the study to have a glass of wine before heading to their bedroom.

Hannibal took off his jacket, lit the fireplace, poured himself a glass of red wine, and settled onto the sofa with a heavy sigh. It was then, that he heard footsteps coming from the hallway.

"Will?" Hannibal asked, putting his glass down on the side table.

"Yes," Will replied as he walked into the study completely naked save for Hannibal's discarded tie around his neck.

Hannibal's eyes washed slowly over Will's body, and Hannibal smiled then shook his head in disbelief and said, "This is a most welcomed welcome."

Will leaned against the doorjamb; the light from the flames creating shadows that danced across his nude form. "I missed you," he said as he stroked the tie around his neck, his hand slowly dipping down lower and lower till he was lightly caressing his own cock.

Hannibal didn't say a word, but merely looked at Will with a slow building hunger in his eyes. He then licked his lips and said, voice low and deep, "Show me, Will. Show me how much."

Will walked over to the sofa and sank down to his knees in front of Hannibal, clutching Hannibal's knees with his hands, spreading his legs wide apart.

Hannibal reached out and grabbed the necktie, pulling Will in. Will's breath hitched, eyes never leaving Hannibal's face, as he opened his mouth. Hannibal with eyes closed, licked into Will's parted lips.

As Will kissed Hannibal he inhaled deeply, taking in the musky sandalwood scent that belonged to Hannibal and Hannibal alone; a scent that smelled like home, like sex, like love, destruction and rebirth. The scent of his very own Lord Shiva, brilliant destroyer of men, here to worship him, while being worshiped in return.

Hannibal clutched the tie tightly, fisting it, giving Will deep, dark kisses. Will moaned into each one, eagerly. He pulled away, breathless and heart racing, as he gently pushed Hannibal onto the sofa and unbuttoned his shirt.

Will parted the shirt, exposing Hannibal's wide, strong chest, his gorgeous, welcoming tummy, and leaned in languidly to lick a hot stripe from the hollow of Hannibal's neck down to the recesses of his navel.

Hannibal's head fell back onto the sofa, as Will unzipped Hannibal's trousers and pulled them down enough to fully expose Hannibal's hard cock and his glorious ass. Will took no time in swallowing Hannibal deep into his mouth. Hannibal hissed with pleasure and placed his hand on the back of Will's head, gripping his curls, pushing him down while his hips rose from the sofa. Will took it all and loved it, happily sucking down Hannibal's cock over and over again.

"When you go down on me like this Will, I feel," he paused his speech briefly to moan and then continued, "...as though I cannot get close enough. I want to crack open your chest..." Hannibal's breathing began to stutter, as his hips tightened, rising once more from the sofa. "I want to live in the darkest spaces inside you, and reign there..."

Will looked up at Hannibal, as Hannibal continued to fuck into his mouth. Will closed his eyes slowly, never stopping, taking Hannibal in deeper and deeper; his cheeks hollowing in and out.

He slid his hands up to caress Hannibal's nipples, and then one hand reached into Hannibal's mouth, while the other went back down and stroked his inner thigh. Hannibal in turn sucked Will's fingers into his mouth as his building orgasm finally reached a breaking point.

His breathing stopped, thighs lifting from the sofa, biting down on Will's fingers, as he came in Will's mouth. And Will swallowed it all greedily, moaning, and licking, as come spilled from the corners.

Will watched Hannibal with pure adoration, eyes shining wet and bright, as he came down from his high. Will sighed with a smile, and rested his head on Hannibal's thigh, as Hannibal sloppily ran his fingers through Will's curls.

"I'm glad you're home, my love," Will whispered.

"Indeed," Hannibal replied.

Chapter End Notes

This was inspired by this [gorgeous GIF](#). If someone feels inspired to draw that with Will and Hannibal, I will love you forever.

Great. Perfect. Nice.

Chapter Summary

From a Five Word Prompt Tumblr post, [Nightliferogue](#) picked: “[great. perfect. nice. fuck this.](#)”

“Great. Perfect. Nice. Fuck this,” Bedelia thought to herself as she walked in and found Hannibal splayed out, eyes closed, on the floor of their Florence apartment foyer with his tablet in his hand.

“Hannibal?” she said as she poked him on the shoulder with the tip of her shoe.

“Hmmm...” he replied, eyes remaining closed.

She sighed and walked over to the end table where she plopped her Vera Dal 1926 bag, contemplating whether or not she wanted to deal with whatever that situation was, or just walk right back out of the apartment.

Rolling her eyes, she walked back toward Hannibal and crouched down, this time placing her hand on his shoulder. “What are you doing down there, Hannibal?”

“Thinking...or was it drinking? Thinking, and perhaps drinking,” he replied.

“You can’t stay down here. It’s not very becoming, now is it? How much did you drink, exactly? I wasn’t gone very long,” she asked, eyes scanning the room for the evidence.

“Just a bottle of wine,” Hannibal replied, raising one hand up in the air and letting it plop back down.

“The Bâtard-Montrachet?”

“Yes, most certainly.”

“Well, I suppose it’s a good thing I just bought some more. Stay here,” she said as she walked toward to kitchen to get herself a glass of wine. Bedelia knew she was going to need it if she was to deal with this latest drama.

“I have no intention of going anywhere. Ever. Again.”

“Good lord,” she mumbled to herself and poured herself a very large glass of red. She kicked off her shoes, and walked back to Hannibal who was now flailing both arms and letting one fall over his forehead in a dramatic woe-is-me fashion.

“So, what is it today, my dear?” knowing full well what the answer would be.

“I logged onto Tattlecrime.”

“And what did we discuss about that? It is destructive for you to do that yourself, Hannibal.”

“It was a big black box,” he said, extending his arms wide apart, “A very big black box.”

“I’m sorry, I don’t follow – what was a big black box?” she asked sitting on her knees, scooting closer to Hannibal.

Hannibal sighed, turned his head, and looked up at Bedelia with one eye open, “Ms. Lounds posted a photo of Will in the hospital.”

“So, is he recovering well? I still don’t understand what you mean about a big black box,” she said as she tucked a strand of Hannibal’s hair back in place. When Hannibal got like this – his maudlin “I Miss Will” ways – the best way to deal with him was as if he were a very small child, a very small, murderous child. She spoke sweetly, was patient, and humored him.

Hannibal’s head rolled back to the center, he closed his eyes once more and shoved his tablet in front of Bedelia’s face.

Bedelia clicked it on, and Tattlecrime’s website appeared with a photo of Will Graham, unconscious in his hospital room, seemingly naked except for...a big black box, digitally added, covering his crotch.

“The box...it’s very big, isn’t it?” Hannibal said.

Bedelia knew she was going to need more wine – so much more – if THIS is what she was going to be cleaning up all day.

Kick His Ass for Me

Chapter Summary

Another five word prompt from Tumblr. Anonymous chose, "Kick his ass for me."

Lately, Jack's sleep had been a restless one. The Pazzi family had been hospitable, welcoming almost to a fault. Dinner with Rinaldo and his wife, Allegra, had been a treat, the comfort of a loving couple surrounding him like a warm bath. It felt cozy, and intimate. A feeling he had missed and was enjoying, if only vicariously. But that night, as he settled into bed, he felt anxious and unable to sleep, even though he was exhausted. When he finally drifted off, he instantly began to dream...

Jack walked through the halls of the BSU, wondering if anyone was there. He seemed to be alone, which was quite unusual.

"Anyone here? Answer me," Jack called out.

"I am," he heard a woman's voice say.

He turned the corner to walk toward the lab and then he saw her, sitting on one of the tables. It was Beverly with sadness in her eyes, even though she was smiling at Jack.

"Beverly," Jack said as he took her hand.

"Aw, come on. Don't go getting all soft on me now, Jack," Beverly said as she gingerly punched Jack in the shoulder.

Jack looked at her for a moment, then asked, "How are you?"

She smirked and said, "Well, apart from dead? Better than expected."

Jack smiled warmly.

Beverly studied him carefully and said, "What are doing, Jack?"

"My job," he said, sounding more like a question than a statement.

"Okay. *Why* are you doing this, Jack?"

Jack pondered the question, and shrugged. "Damn it, Beverly. I'm not even sure anymore. Maybe it's because I need Hannibal to know he can't get away with all of this. Maybe I'm trying to save Will? Maybe it's because of what he did to you, to Miriam -- hell, there seems to be an abundance of reasons, that's for damn sure."

Beverly tilted her head and smiled, "Uncle Jack, taking care of everyone."

Jack huffed and smiled, "Of course."

"Will finding Hannibal will make you feel alive, Jack?"

“I don’t know, Bev,” he said shaking his head. “I may not even make it out of here alive, but maybe that's just be how it’s suppose to be.”

“He’s close. Very close,” Bev said almost whispering. “Just be strong, and be careful.” She softly touched her hand to Jack’s cheek. Jack smiled, blinking back tears.

“Oh, and Jack?” Beverly said, “One more thing.”

“Yes?”

"Kick his ass for me."

Jack woke up the next morning, after having the best sleep he’d had in a long time.

Rise and Shine, Sweet Thing

Chapter Summary

Another five word prompt, suggested by Anonymous. Thanks, Nonny!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Rise and shine, sweet thing,” Will said as he threw some cold water on Esteban’s face -- a move he remembered from Francis and had always thought was a nice touch.

Will removed Esteban's blindfold, who rapidly blinked with the newfound light shining in his face. In the list of places one should never want to find themselves in, the Lecter-Graham basement of gloom and doom ranked fairly high. It was Esteban’s misfortune to now find himself, tied to a chair, in said basement, with the most murderous of Murder Husbands glaring down at him. Of course, when you try to kidnap children for nefarious purposes, that was definitely where you deserved to be.

“Who are you?” Esteban asked. “What do you want from me?”

Hannibal leaned in and calmly said, “Well, we have not had *polmoni di vitello con fagioli* in quite some time. Have we, Will?”

“No, we haven’t,” Will said staring coldly at Esteban.

“If you kill me, there will be people looking for me,” Esteban spat out angrily.

Hannibal walked around his chair once and said, “No. There will not. No one will miss you. The children of the area, in particular.” He stopped and stood next to Will.

Esteban gulped once, water dripping down his nose, and looked at the knife Will had in his hand, which gleamed under the shine of the bare light bulb in the basement.

Will then said slowly, “And I am going to enjoy giving birth to your mother.”

Esteban furrowed his brow, looked at Will with utter confusion, “You’re...you're going to *what*?”

Hannibal inhaled, and rolled his eyes slightly.

“I said I am going to enjoy giving birth to your mo -- “

“Will.”

Esteban glanced at Hannibal and then back at Will. Hannibal shrugged his shoulders.

“Shit...did I say the wrong thing again?” Will asked Hannibal in English with complete exasperation.

“Yes, I’m afraid you did, Mongoose.”

Esteban looked at both of them, wondering what they were saying.

“Damn it! What did I say?”

“You said you were going to enjoy giving birth to his mother.”

“Well, that’s just great!” Will threw up his arms. “Jesus! I thought my Spanish was getting better.”

“Have you been listening to that Berlitz CD I gave you?” Hannibal asked.

“Yes...sometimes. I’ve been busy, Hannibal,” Will said waving the knife around.

Esteban sat there, watching these two men having some sort of argument in English.

“This is a perfect example of why I would like you to take your language studies more seriously,” Hannibal said.

Esteban wanted to know what the curly-haired one meant, so he cleared his throat and said in Spanish, “Excuse me...”

Will and Hannibal both replied simultaneously, “What?!”

Esteban shook his head, “No...that’s okay. I didn’t mean to interrupt.”

Will sighed, “I know, I know! You’re right, love. Jesus -- this is embarrassing...”

“I can imagine, *mylimasis*.” Hannibal said reassuringly.

“Okay, okay, okay -- let’s just, let’s just continue,” Will said and pinched the bridge of his nose. He took a deep breath, as if he were an actor preparing for the next take of a scene, nodded once, then looked back at Esteban menacingly and said, “This is the day you will live to regret making me a cake.”

“Will...”

Chapter End Notes

Polmoni di vitello con fagioli is a dish made with lungs.

The Fuck? Who are You?

Chapter Summary

Another Five Word Prompt. This time "The fuck? Who are you?" was requested.

Freddie Lounds walked back from the bathroom, her tape recorder hidden inside her bra strap under her camisole. She snuggled back into the bed, placing the sheets just slightly below her chest so as not to muffle the microphone too much, and watched Brian Zeller sleep soundly.

He really was too easy. Fish, barrel, all that stuff. All it took was a few kamikazes, throw in a "You seem so strong and smart," and he was basically rolling over on his belly.

She glanced at the clock on the nightstand. 9:00 a.m. Shit, she had places to be, people to see, stories to write – how long was this moron going to sleep? Freddie cleared her throat a few times; Zeller didn't even flinch.

Taking a more direct approach, she flicked his nose and he abruptly snorted awake. He looked around the room, clearly hungover, and turned to look at Freddie.

"The fuck? Who are you?"

Freddie smiled sweetly, "Well, you sure know how to make a gal feel special."

Zeller examined her for a moment, recognition setting in. "Shit, I'm sorry. I was momentarily...out of it."

"Well, you certainly were in it last night," she purred leaning over to kiss his neck as Zeller smiled.

"Can I get you some coffee...uh...Freddie?" he said, relieved he could remember her name.

One of Freddie's greatest gifts was being able to read people quite clearly. Ever since she was a young girl, she always had a knack for reading situations and the adults around her. It was how she first realized her parents were getting a divorce, before either had said a word. She was able to milk the situation to her advantage. It had been a good summer.

She studied Zeller and instantly sized him up, knowing that once he was sober and not stuck in a sex-induced fog, he would be useless to her. She sighed, her time there was done.

"Aw, that's really sweet of you – but I just remembered, I have a doctor's appointment I have to schedule and then I have somewhere to be. You know how it goes," she said as she got up and took her dress from the chair next to the bed.

"You really can't stay for some coffee?" Zeller asked. Gosh, she was pretty.

Freddie zipped up her dress, walked around and kissed Zeller on the lips, "Sorry, sport – but I'll call you. It's been fun." She winked, taking her purse from the dresser as she walked out.

“Bye...” Zeller said to no one in particular, as he was left alone in his bedroom.

Sitting in her car, Freddie looked at her reflection in the rearview mirror. She studied herself and then tossed back her hair, as she grabbed her recorder, rewound and pressed play.

“God, you are so fucking hot,” Zeller said.

“Mmmm-hmmm, you too,” she gasped.

The sounds of zippers and sheets rustling were heard coming from the recorder, followed by Zeller moaning, “YES! Oh baby!”

Freddie laughed, “For fuck’s sake. ‘Oh, baby?’ Seriously?”

The sounds of a drunken Zeller coming were something Freddie didn’t necessarily want to hear again, so she fast forwarded slightly.

“So...tell me again, what time is Will Graham’s appointment?”

“7:30, with Lannibal Hecter.”

Freddie pressed stopped, and put the key in the ignition. It was time to schedule a doctor’s appointment. One’s mental health was important, you know.

Do it. I Dare You.

Chapter Summary

Another Five Word Prompt: "Do it. I dare you." This time Will dares Hannibal to do the unthinkable. *gasp*

Chapter Notes

For [Devereauxs_Disease](#) suggested by Devereauxs_Disease.

"Do it. I dare you."

"I am not a child, Will. I do not take dares," Hannibal said with a slight tone of indignation.

"Or maybe you're just afraid," Will said.

"Why would I be afraid of this?"

Will shrugged, and looked out the passenger side car window.

"I have been chased by murderous Verger hoodlums, had a fight to the death with a pompous string shop owner, was pursued by agents of the FBI – a darling one in particular – fear is not something that I often encounter."

"Well then do it," Will sassed, as he poked Hannibal on the right shoulder.

Hannibal gripped the steering wheel of the car tightly and exhaled. He then turned to look at Will, raised an eyebrow and coquettishly said, "You are looking very, very handsome this evening."

Will laughed and threw his head back, "Wow! You are smooth." He continued to laugh, "Actually, you aren't. That was so obvious, love."

Hannibal pouted, and then gave it one last valiant effort, "I could just turn the car back and we could be home shortly, where I can then lower you onto our bed, and take you into my mouth...making you quiver with delight."

Will's laughter died instantly. He looked at Hannibal lips while biting his own, "You are evil, and as tempting as that may be..."

Hannibal gripped Will's thigh tightly, tilted his head and smiled.

"I only have three words for you," Will said as he leaned in close to Hannibal, lips hovering near his, "I dare you." He then quickly licked the tip of Hannibal's nose and sat back in his seat.

Hannibal scrunched up his face, and wiped his nose. “Very well! I concede. Let me just do this, so we can move on with our evening and our lives.”

Hannibal put the car into drive, pulled into the driveway and rolled down his window.

“How may I help you?” the voice asked.

“Ah, yes...thank you. I would like one hamburger with cheese, one large order of frites, one vanilla milkshake...”

Will smiled triumphantly, “Oh! And ask for some BBQ sauce!”

Bedhead

Chapter Notes

A quick little something for Victorine who appreciates Mikkelsen bedhead as much as I do.



In the beginning of their relationship together, Will Graham and Hannibal Lecter followed certain unspoken romantic protocols. For even if one were tending to the other's wounds, certain etiquette was still expected and maintained, you see.

You use the bathroom with the door closed, no exceptions. A kiss on the lips, first thing in the morning? Sure, but no tongue until those teeth were brushed. And so on...

Once the two grew into the comfort of their newfound connection and love, things would become more lax. Easing into their routine and each other's nuances, everything became as comfortable and reassuring as slipping into a very warm bath. Morning breath kiss? Why not? Ask a question while one of you is peeing? Step right on in.

Still, some lines weren't really meant to be crossed -- according to Hannibal anyway. For instance, Hannibal always made sure to be the first one to wake. Will was never sure why. Maybe he needed to poop in peace? Or maybe he was (even) weird(er) about certain things?

On the rare occasion that Hannibal would get out of bed or wake after Will and the two would be sleepily resting for a moment, Hannibal would hurriedly jump out of bed with as much spring in his step as a slice of bread popping from the toaster, and head immediately to their bathroom. Meanwhile, Will still sleepy-eyed would watch the blur of activity and just plop back onto his pillow, closing his eyes for a while longer. Hannibal would then emerge from the bathroom and snuggle back into Will.

"Love?"

"Hmm?" Hannibal replied.

"What's with you and the bathroom?"

"Pardon?"

“Why do you run off to the bathroom the second I’m awake, like you’re on fire or something?”

Hannibal stilled slightly and said, “I do not run.”

Will stretched, arms taut over his head, “Mmm...yeah, you do.”

Hannibal sighed, “I just want to make myself slightly presentable for you. That’s all.”

Will smiled and propped himself onto his elbow to look at Hannibal. “Presentable? Are you serious?”

“Well, it isn’t as though I shave and give myself a facial or anything like that Will.”

“What is it then?” Will asked with a smile.

“I...I just brush my hair. That is all.”

Will rubbed the sleep out of his eye, “Brush your hair?”

“Yes. Brush my hair. I don’t particularly care for my morning hair. It makes me look as if I have no control over myself -- or my life.”

“Wow. You are really putting a lot of emphasis on plain old bedhead, Hannibal,” Will said as he leaned over and planted a kiss on Hannibal’s shoulder.

“As I’ve said several times, Will, we all have our things,” Hannibal replied with a small pout.

“Clearly,” Will smirked.

It was about three in the morning when Will heard Hannibal begin to stir and get up, presumably to use the bathroom. Will didn’t move and pretended to still be asleep. He heard the toilet flush, and then Hannibal’s quiet steps approaching the bed. That’s when Will turned the light on and said, “Ah ha!” Only it was more like, “Ah...” because the “ha” never quite made it out of Will’s mouth.

Hannibal stood before him, face rosy flushed with sleep, his eyes held a certain softness and blinked at the sudden illumination, lips full and moist, and his hair -- his magnificent hair -- was unbridled and positively delicious. It was tossed and turned, stuck up in certain places, lay flat in others. It gave Hannibal an air of casual confidence, almost sexy nonchalance. To see him so natural and unfettered in this manner, it did something to Will. Or rather, it did something to a very particular part of Will.

“Will!”

“Hannibal, you are drop dead gorgeous.”

“Will?”

“Look at you, you’re gorgeous.”

And Hannibal Lecter absolutely, positively blushed. He tucked a strand of hair behind his ear and said, “Oh, nonsense! I -- ” and Will sat up on his knees on the bed to pull Hannibal in toward him and the two fell back into bed. The next words never making it out of Hannibal’s mouth.

Well Then Go Catch It

Chapter Summary

Hannibal has a hobby that is even stranger than his usual ones. And the Verger Blooms are the unlucky recipients.

Chapter Notes

Inspired by [Devereauxs_Disease](#) who, after reading [Secretly Love](#), said she wondered how Hannibal's prank phones to Alana usually went.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was a day like any other at the Murder Husband Estate, one filled with laughter, warmth, sex, and love. Will had just gone out for a run with the dogs before dinner and after a quick kiss, while Hannibal began to roast a duck in the oven.

Hannibal contentedly sat with a cup of tea in one hand, admiring the view of their yard in the early dusk light. The Thai basil was coming in nicely and the scent of the wisteria, which steadily wrapped itself around their pergola, delicately floated in.

All seemed perfect, and to further this current state of perfection, Hannibal indulged in one of his most favorite hobbies.

He smiled and walked over to their kitchen junk drawer -- which in the Lecter-Graham household was still neater than any other junk drawer had the right to be -- and took out one of their burner phones, a whistle, and a small voice changer that Will had bought as a gag gift for Hannibal (Will liked to recite dirty limericks into it, while naked, which always caused quite the chuckle in Hannibal, but that is another story).

Hannibal hummed a bit of Smetana's "Moldau," took another sip of tea, sat down at the kitchen table, and began to dial. It rang once, twice, and then her familiar voice came through the line.

"Hello?" Alana said.

Hannibal, using the voice box asked, "Hello, may I speak with Mr. Wall, please?"

"I'm sorry, who?"

"Mr. or Ms. Wall, please."

Alana sighed, "I'm sorry, there are no Walls here."

"May I inquire then as to what is holding up your home?"

Hannibal guffawed and hung up. He sat and composed himself, as Anaïs jumped up on the table. “Oh, Anaïs! That was quite something.”

She looked at Hannibal and swished her tail, looking thoroughly unimpressed.

“Well, if that is your attitude, *graži mergina*, then I guess I'll try again.”

Hannibal cleared his throat, and dialed once more. Alana was in the habit of changing her number every so often, but Hannibal knew of an individual in New York who was a whiz on the computer and could find almost any information needed. Lucky for Will and himself, this person was a friend of a friend so technically, they were on Hannibal and Will's side.

One ring, two rings, bingo...

“Yes?” Alana answered curtly.

“Is your refrigerator running?” Hannibal could barely squeak out.

“Oh my god...”

He heard some muffled sounds, the phone's mouthpiece being covered, and then another voice took over.

“Seriously?” It was Margot.

“Is your refrigerator running?” Hannibal asked once again, and then immediately covered his mouth.

There was a beat of silence, and Hannibal could have sworn he then heard a most quiet laugh.

“Hannibal, honestly,” Margot said. “This is you, isn't it?”

Hannibal held his breath, and then simply said, “Refrigerator?”

Margot snorted once and replied, “Should I...catch it?”

From the background he heard Alana yell out, “For god's sake, don't engage him!” followed by Margot's response, within a cloud of laughter, “That was funny! I'm sorry!”

Then there was silence on the line.

Hannibal, with the largest shit eating grin ever, turned to look at Anaïs and said, “Well now...” He took a slow satisfied sip of his tea and leaned back in his chair. “It's a shame I did not have a chance to use the whistle this time.” Anaïs meowed in agreement.

When Will returned, Hannibal was sitting in the study reading his copy of *Simulacra and Simulation* by Jean Baudrillard. The dogs ran in, and headed straight for their water bowls in the kitchen; Will a few steps behind them.

“There he is, my favorite person,” Will said as he came in the study and kissed Hannibal. “I'm going to jump in the shower. I'll be quick.”

“Perfect, the duck is resting,” Hannibal replied with a smile.

“What are you reading?” Will asked as he took off his t-shirt.

“Oh, just an old philosophy book I haven’t read in quite some time.”

“That’s one of the things I love about you, Hannibal. You’re always improving yourself intellectually.”

Hannibal smirked, “I try, *mylimasis*. I try.”

Chapter End Notes

Graži mergina = beautiful girl.

There Were Probably Easier (and Nicer) Ways to Get from Point A to Point B

Chapter Summary

Hannibal's 5:00 a.m. thoughts. Weirdo.

In the early morning, as the sun begins to rise and their bedroom is awash in a pinkish purple glow, a sleeping Will Graham tightly spoons Hannibal Lecter. Will's morning erection presses into the flesh of Hannibal's backside. Hannibal sleepily sighs, half-awake, and smiles wondering what he ever did to deserve this?

Manipulation, framing for murder, actual murder, stab stab here, forgiveness there, a fake marriage, failed equations, jail time, jealous retribution, tag team homicide, being pulled off a cliff, death and rebirth -- like twin Phoenixes rising from a pile of murky, wet ashes near the shores of the Atlantic.

Hannibal turns slightly to look at Will, smiles and thinks to himself, *Totally worth it.*

Walk, Don't Run

Chapter Summary

Inspired by Mads Mikkelsen's new Marc O'Polo ads. *fans self*

When Will suggested that they were finally healed and strong enough to venture out in public and go for a walk, Hannibal hesitated slightly. "I am worried we might be recognized, Will."

"By whom? No one is even looking for us here. A walk into town will do us some good," he had told Hannibal.

"No, you are right, Will. I will contact Chiyoh and have her drop off some clothes for us. We cannot venture out around here looking like a couple of hobos. We would certainly draw attention to ourselves."

They had settled in a small, chic, cosmopolitan town on the outskirts of Buenos Aires. Chiyoh remained nearby and had agreed to do so for a few more weeks until Will and Hannibal were finally, properly settled into their new lives. A few days earlier she had dropped off some new attire for both Will and Hannibal.

As Hannibal finished getting dressed for their first public outing together, Will sat in the kitchen reading, while he waited for Hannibal.

Hannibal began to walk toward kitchen and said, "I was planning on cutting my hair, but I think leaving it longer like this is probably best. Who would think Doctor Hannibal Lecter would have long hair?"

Will, who was still reading, said, "No, I totally agr..." and then his words died instantly on his lips as he looked up and saw Hannibal.



“Do you like the sunglasses Chiyoh picked out?” Hannibal asked as he stood in the hallway. “She does have excellent taste, wouldn’t you agree?”

Will nodded dumbly, and then had to forcefully kickstart his brain. He cleared his throat and weakly said, "Uh...yeah. Sure."

Hannibal smiled, holding open the front door and said, "Shall we?"

Will got up and walked mutely toward Hannibal, and then managed to squeak out, "Uh..yeah. Sure..." as he locked the door.

Sheets

Chapter Notes

I Think Mr. WrathoftheStag may be a robot. Who folds sheets like this? I mean, who?! Mr. WrathoftheStag, that's who. This kind of precision is like Hannibal Lecter-level of sheet folding prowess. That's just nonsensical nonsense. Which leads me to...



"I folded the clean sheets for you. They're on the bed," Will said as he walked into the kitchen where Hannibal sat nursing a cup of earl grey.

"Oh? You didn't have to. Thank you, Will," Hannibal said with a small smile. Their coalescence together had brought forth a certain calm domesticity neither one of them had really anticipated, but both fully embraced.

Hannibal got up and said, "I will go put them away in the linen closet." Will nodded and sat down at the table to help himself to some bacon.

When Hannibal entered the bedroom and saw the sheets, his eyebrow immediately quirked up and face fell slightly. On the bed was a pile of sheets that resembled badly done origami; the fitted sheet, a crumpled up used tissue. Will had done this? Or had he simply hired a child to come and do it for him?

Will walked in behind him, bacon in hand, and noticed Hannibal's face.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Not a thing," Hannibal replied, clearly lying, as he looked at the sheets then at Will, then back at the sheets.

It took a second for it to all snap into place for Will as he laughed and said, "You're kidding me, right? You are actually standing there critiquing my sheet folding technique, aren't you?"

Hannibal remained silent, eyes on Will, on the sheets, on Will.

Will laughed, and said, "You are incredible!" He motioned toward the sheets with his bacon, "Go on, go and refold them. I won't be offended."

Hannibal shook his head, "No, it's fine. Thank you for doing it." He then began to lead Will out the bedroom, back to the kitchen.

Will stopped and said, "I'm serious. I won't be offended. I don't want you to be all twitchy the rest of the day because of this."

Hannibal looked at Will, tenderness in his eyes beginning to bloom. “Well, if you insist!” And ran back into the bedroom.

Uno, Dos, Tres, Cuatro, Cinco

Chapter Summary

From the Tumblr prompt: “I may have accidentally sort of adopted five cats.” Thanks for the fun prompt, Anon. Let’s do this!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was too hot to be wandering through the market, and Hannibal was taking forever examining the various fruits that were in the vendor’s stall. Will was regretting his decision to come along rather than stay at home enjoying the pool. It was hotter than Louisiana asphalt that afternoon.

Will leaned over toward Hannibal, to get his attention.

“*Disculpe me, un momento,*” Hannibal said to the vendor. “Yes, Will?”

“I’m going to wait out front. It’s too hot in here with all these people. I’ll be sitting under that tree by the main entrance.”

Hannibal winked and said, “I’ll be out shortly.”

Will smiled because he damn well knew that in Hannibal-speak “shortly” meant “At some point before the end of time.”

Pushing past the crowds and the various stalls selling fruits, vegetables, empanadas, housewares and more, Will finally made it out of the market to take refuge under the shade of a tipa tree. He noticed an older woman, who was the quintessential image of a grandmother standing not far holding a box. From the box, he heard some soft mewling.

Curiosity got the better of him, and he approached.

“*Hola, joven,*” the woman said.

“*Buenas tardes,*” Will responded.

“*¿Te gustan los gatos?*” she asked.

Will instantly felt nervous – his Spanish was still not as great as he’d like it to be. (Hannibal always loved bringing up the [Great Cake Debacle](#) with a chuckle) but he decided right then and there to just jump in and try to converse with her. What’s the worst that could happen?

Will was fairly certain she asked, “Do you like cats.”

“*Un poco. Amo perros,*” he replied.

She smiled, and said, “*Tengo cinco, y estan bien lindos. Pobrecitos no tienen mama. Se murio...que lastima.*”

Will only caught about half of that, something about the cats being cute and their mother is poor?
That can't be right?

So he replied the only way he could, "Sí."

"Tienes una cara muy simpática," she said and smiled broadly.

Will returned the smile with equal enthusiasm.

"Bueno, francamente yo no puedo cuidar estos gatitos. ¿Si te gustan tanto, porque no te los llevas? Andale guerito. Se nota que tienes dinero y puedes cuidar los gatitos. ¿Que dices, guapo?"

Will stared at her blankly. He's pretty sure she said he was handsome, and something about being frank. So he replied the only way he could, "Sí."

Her face lit up, and she ran over to hug Will.

"¡Eres un tesoro! Bueno aquí te los dejo. ¡Adios, guapo!"

"¡Adios!" Will said as he waved. Now *that*, he understood. What he didn't understand is why she suddenly walked off.

"¿Señora? ¿Señora?" Will called after her, as she waved goodbye and jumped into a cab.

Will stood there as he saw her car get smaller and smaller, driving off into the horizon.

"Fuck..." Will said, and then looked at the box of kittens that were noisily demanding attention.
"Double fuck!"

Hannibal walked out of the market, tote bags laden with fresh fruits and vegetables, as he slowed to a halt when he saw Will sitting on the sidewalk with a box full of kittens on his lap.

"Will?"

"I may have accidentally sort of adopted five cats," he said sheepishly.

Hannibal stared at Will then said, "That's it. Monday you are enrolling at the local language school. Come on, Papa Will. And bring your walking carpets with you," Hannibal said as he walked ahead.

Uno, Dos, Tres, Cuatro and Cinco meowed loudly from their box.

Chapter End Notes

Disculpe me, un momento = Excuse me for a moment.

Hola, joven = Hello young man.

Buenas tardes = Good afternoon

Te gustan los gatos = Do you like cats?

Un poco. Amo perros = A little bit. I love dogs.

Tengo cinco, y estan bien lindos. Pobrecitos no tienen mama. Se murio...que lastima = I have five and they're really cute. Poor things, they don't have a mother. She died...what a shame.

Tienes una cara muy simpatica = You have a very nice face.

Bueno, francamente yo no puedo cuidar estos gatitos. - Well, frankly I can't take care of five kittens.

¿Si te gustan tanto, porque no te los llevas? Andale guerito. Se nota que tienes dinero y puedes cuidar los gatitos. ¿Que dices, guapo?' = If you like them so much, why don't you take them? Come on, blondie. I can tell you have money and can take care of the kittens. What do you say, handsome?

Eres un tesoro! Bueno aqui te los dejo. ¡Adios, guapo! = You're a treasure. Well, here they are. Goodbye, handsome.

But Sing No More This Bitter Tale that Wears My Heart Away

Chapter Summary

Five months after Hannibal leaves him, Will can finally move on. A sequel to [April is the Cruellest Month](#).

Chapter Notes

This is for [Victorine](#) who said, regarding April is the Cruellest Month, "you are still not forgiven..." I don't want my little jelly bean mad at me. Here is what happens next.

After Hannibal walked out the door, leaving Will Graham without so much as a look back, Will did the only thing he knew how to do. He boarded his boat, the Argos, and set sail. The water his companion, his memories an unwanted guest. And for 20 weeks that is where he remained.

Following the Grecian shores, he explored the Saronic and Argolic gulfs, the Cyclades Islands, the Peloponnese. An Odysseus of sorts, Will was finding his way home -- back to himself, perhaps? He was his own Ithaca. Searching, always searching to find any sort of inner peace without Hannibal. He would be his own salvation.

Santorini, the Ionian Islands, Laurium...each night anchoring himself underneath the stars, crying out to them; asking them for support, for solace, for strength.

When he finally returned home, he felt as though he could possibly move on. Although he wasn't quite sure -- but at least now, the thought of cheering for constant death had subsided. Thank the gods for small victories.

Opening the door to the home he shared with Hannibal, he noticed the lights were on. The furniture uncovered. And standing in the kitchen, with a complete look of despair and surprise was Hannibal himself.

"What are you doing here?" Will asked. Afraid he was seeing an apparition. A ghost of his former life.

Zeus, Apollo, Athena -- give him strength.

"I've been waiting for you," Hannibal said softly. His hair was longer, grayer.

"What for?" Will asked, dropping his bag at his side.

Hannibal transversed the distance between them in two long strides.

"Because during my time away, I thought what I needed was distance. I thought what I needed was to be alone. I thought what I needed was not to be needed..."

Will whispered quietly, "You can't do this to me."

Hannibal approached slowly. Hannibal, the Penelope that remained faithful to Will, even as he betrayed himself.

"I was wrong. Each night, I tried to rip my heart out and say that I didn't need it. And in that respect, I was right."

Hannibal placed a hand on Will's cheek, which was now wet with tears as salty as the Adriatic Sea.

"I did not need my heart," Hannibal said, "Because you have taken its place. You are my heart. Forgive me."

"Out of sight...out of mind?" Will said. "That is a lie, you know. You hurt me."

"Yes."

"Don't do it again."

And with that, they took one another's hand and walked upstairs to their bedroom.

Aphrodite rejoiced.

Le Meilleur

Chapter Summary

Hannibal is feeling jealous of Will's new interest. Is it serious? It's *eating* at him.

Chapter Notes

This is from a Tumblr prompt. The prompt is: "Swear to me that this meant nothing to you."



See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The first time Hannibal saw Will sitting on the other side of the plate glass window of *Le Meilleur*, he didn't think much of it.

Hannibal had mentioned he would be late getting home, and Will should go ahead and grab a bite to eat. Taking a shortcut through the park, Hannibal saw Will inside the restaurant. He waved to catch his attention, and Will's face bloomed into a wide smile upon seeing Hannibal.

"Hey," Will said as Hannibal leaned down to give him a kiss. "I'm almost done, but why don't you have a glass of wine and join me?"

"Yes, of course," Hannibal replied and unbuttoned his jacket to sit with Will.

"*Monsieur*, would you care for anything?" the waitress asked.

"Ah, yes. A glass of Malbec, please."

Will smiled at Hannibal as he continued eating. Hannibal then studied Will as he happily finished the last bit of his cassoulet.

“Good?” he asked with eyebrow raised.

“Mmm-hmm,” Will said wiping his mouth with his linen napkin.

Hannibal smiled as his wine was placed in front of him.

The second time Hannibal found Will at *Le Meilleur*, he began to grow slightly suspicious. They had scheduled to meet early evening in the park so they could walk over to the local theater and catch a screening of *Les Amants*. When Will was ten minutes late, Hannibal sent him a text.

Mongoose, are you well?

Sorry! Be there in 5. Finishing up a snack. xo

A snack? Hannibal thought. *What kind of snack?*

He walked down the street because something told him Will would be there, and sure enough Hannibal could see his Will inside *Le Meilleur*, paying the bill. Hannibal’s eyes narrowed, as he watched from behind a tree, and then quickly headed back to their meeting place.

When Will showed up five minutes later and kissed Hannibal on the cheek. He could smell it.

“Cassoulet?” Hannibal asked, knowing full well what the answer was.

“What? Oh, yeah. I was famished so I popped in at *Le Meilleur* before coming here. I knew you would have eaten already and I didn’t think I could make it till the end of the movie to eat,” Will said without giving it a second thought.

Hannibal stared at him and raised an eyebrow.

“What?”

Hannibal shook his head, “Nothing. Absolutely nothing, Will. Unless there is something I should be ‘what-ing’ you about.”

Will smiled and shrugged. “Come on. Let’s go to the movies.”

Will took Hannibal’s hand and led him across the street.

The third time Hannibal found Will at *Le Meilleur* he knew without a shadow of a doubt what was going on.

Will’s dish of cassoulet had just been placed in front of him. He closed his eyes and inhaled deeply taking in the savory aroma. When Will opened his eyes, Hannibal stood in front of him.

“Jesus! You startled me.”

“Yes, how convenient of you to call Jesus at a moment like this. When you are feeling guilty and repentant perhaps?” Hannibal said with arms crossed in front of him.

“What do you mean?” Will asked looking confused.

Hannibal pulled out a chair and sat in front of Will and asked, “What are you doing?”

“Is this a trick question?”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow.

“Eating?”

“Indeed, Will.”

“Okay. What’s going on, Hannibal?” Will said as he took a spoonful of cassoulet.

Hannibal threw his arms up exasperatedly. “By all means, don’t let my feelings get in the way of your precious cassoulet.”

Will examined Hannibal for a second, and then it all clicked.

“Are you shitting me?” Will laughed, “Oh god. Are you jealous... of a dish?”

Hannibal leaned over, grabbed Will’s hands and borderline shrieked, “You’re supposed to love *my* cooking above all others, Mongoose. Mine. And yet, you keep coming back here again and again for this cassoulet. *This*,” he said looking at the offending dish with as much disdain as if it had dared to wear white after Labor Day.

Will shook his head and said, “I mean, I know we’re *us* and everything, and all sorts of complicated -- but boy, do you have issues.”

“Swear to me that this meant nothing to you,” Hannibal said. “That I am still your number one.”

Will’s face softened slightly, and then he sighed. “Silly. Of course, you are my number one.”

Hannibal huffed and looked away.

“You are the best chef I know. Michelin-starred James Beard winners wished they had *half* the talent you have.”

Hannibal’s face perked up.

“I love your food, and your cooking -- it all means home to me. It makes me feel cherished. No one else’s cooking can do that.”

Hannibal was positively beaming.

Will continued, “And this means nothing. It’s not home; it’s not you...but it is *really* fucking tasty.”

Hannibal pouted briefly, and then Will offered him a spoonful of the cassoulet.

“Fine,” Hannibal said and opened his mouth as Will popped the spoon in. Hannibal chewed slowly and then swallowed.

“Well?”

“My god... that *is* really fucking tasty.”

Will laughed as Hannibal took the spoon and began to dig in.

Chapter End Notes

Louis Malle's [Les Amants](#). Jeanne Moreau is my patronus.

Come say hi and visit me [on Tumblr](#).

The Latest Victim

Chapter Summary

Even Hannibal gets the willies sometimes. Just some silly domestic fluff. From the Tumblr prompt: “You need to stop leaving dead bodies in my kitchen.”

It started out innocently enough. Will came back early in the morning, carrying freshly caught trout strung together, proudly displayed for Hannibal in the kitchen.

When Hannibal came in and saw Will’s bounty, he asked, “What’s this?”

Will beamed and said, “Only the best for you, love.”

Hannibal walked up to Will, who smelled of early morning dew, sunrise, and pescitarian delights, and replied, “My! What a great little fisherman I’ve caught for myself.”

Will beamed and kissed Hannibal once firmly on the lips, and said, “I’m going to jump in the shower.”

He exited the kitchen, leaving the fish in the sink.

“But what about the...” Hannibal began to ask; Will was already gone. Hannibal stared at the fish, slowly sipping on his just poured coffee. Dead eyes looking back.

The next time it occurred, Will had been away overnight fishing. Upon hearing the car door slam, Hannibal ran to greet Will in the hallway, practically jumping into his arms. The two began kissing each other frantically, as an overnight separation was far too long.

“Mmm,” Will muttered in between kisses. “I need to get stuff out of the car, love.”

Hannibal replied, while dotting smooches along Will’s face and jawline, “Fine, but be quick. Meet me upstairs, and I shall run a bath for us.”

Hours later, when Hannibal came downstairs for a glass of coconut water (one does need to replenish their electrolytes after heavy activity, after all) there they were, once again...in his kitchen.

A cooler sat on the counter, and Hannibal walked over to tip the lid open. Skate, sea bass and tuna on a mound of shaved ice, looking at him. Watching with wet, round eyes. Hannibal shuddered and closed the lid once again.

Hannibal had no problem cooking seafood per se. Seared scallops with beurre blanc, calamari with a tomato fennel compote, grilled octopus over basmati rice sauteed in squid ink, tuna poke with avocado -- but seeing the scaly beasties, looking at him with an accusatory glare. Thank you, but no. When it happened once again, Hannibal had to say something.

Will had left his latest victim on ice, in the sink, while he went to clean up. Hannibal walked by and quickly threw a dish towel over it.

“Yes?” Will asked as he heard a knock on the bathroom door. “Come in, Hannibal.”

Hannibal walked in with a smile, “Did you have a good day?”

“Very much so,” Will said while scrubbing his fingers with a nailbrush.

“That’s lovely, Will.” Hannibal hovered and stayed silent.

“What’s up? You have that look in your eye?”

“Look?”

“Yes, that ‘I-need-to-say-something-to-Mongoose-but-am-afraid-he’ll-be-offended-but-I-still-have-to-say-this-so-help-me-god-or-I-will-explode’ look.”

Hannibal chewed on his lower lip as Will smiled, and then he simply let it out, “You need to stop leaving dead bodies in my kitchen.”

Will laughed, “Okay, that, I was not expecting!”

Hannibal shrugged with embarrassment.

“But you love fish,” Will said with a smirk.

Hannibal shrugged once more and said, “Yes, but seeing them in their complete state...shuffling off their aquatic mortal coil. It’s disconcerting...their eyes.” He shivered.

Will shut off the water and dried his hands, laughed softly once again, “Don’t worry, love. I’ll be more mindful of the big bad fishies.”

Hannibal said, “That’s my hero.”

“And don’t be embarrassed,” Will said. “I think it’s cute you’re squeamish about something. You can’t be a bad ass about every single thing -- it simply wouldn’t be fair.”

They began to walk downstairs and Will added, “And just so you know, the next time I see one of those disgusting long centipede-y things crawling along the ceiling, I am absolutely calling you to get rid of it.”

Hannibal winked, “Do you mean that your tried and true approach of lobbing balled up socks at them, and then shrieking when they fall, is no longer working for you?”

Will said, “So, that's how it's going to be is it?”

Hannibal laughed, “I love you, Mongoose.”

“I love you, too, you big jerk.”

Kiss Them for Me

Chapter Summary

Hannibal sees Will's high school yearbook and shenanigans ensue.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hannibal walked into the study to find Will lost in whatever he was examining on the laptop. So much so, that he hadn't noticed Hannibal walk in.

"What is it?" Hannibal asked. "You're not on Ms. Lounds' site are you, Mongoose?"

Will blinked and looked up from the screen, "What? Oh, no way. I'm actually looking through my old high school yearbook of all things."

"Really? Now why is that? Nostalgia does not really interest you," Hannibal asked coming over to take a peek.

Will clicked out of the browser tab, "No! This is so embarrassing."

"Well in that case, now I insist you let me see," Hannibal said with a huge smile, kneeling next to Will.

Will blushed, "Fine. I was looking up knitting patterns when an ad popped up for a site called Your Yearbook."

Hannibal smiled, "Continue..."

"So the ad read that most U.S. yearbooks were available for download. Curiosity got the better of me, and well, here I am looking at my senior yearbook."

"Oh my," Hannibal said with glee. "Show me your photo."

"Okay, but let me just say that I was a very impressionable, lonely teen -- I know, you already know this -- but no one paid attention to me. So, when a new gal moved into town who everyone else thought was a bigger weirdo than me, of course I flocked right to her."

"All right. Now may I see?"

"Just a second. So...anyway...she was a goth girl."

Hannibal blinked, not quite getting it.

"And she thought I was weird, so she liked me too. Annnd, we began dating..."

"Will, this is becoming tedious and I'm too old to be on my knees for this long a period of time -- especially if it does not involve sex."

Will laughed, “So, you know how couples begin to dress alike?”

Hannibal stared at Will for a moment longer, and then his face bloomed into the largest smile Will had ever seen Hannibal produce.

“I MUST SEE IMMEDIATELY!” he said practically bouncing.

“So yeah. Here’s my senior portrait,” Will said and then cringed as he clicked the browser window tab.



“That is...quite simply fantastic,” Hannibal said in a whisper, mouth then falling agape.

Staring back from the screen was an 18-year-old William Lee Graham, sassily posing with head tilted, dressed in black, long hair practically falling over his face. To top off the look, Will wore black

lipstick and eyeliner. A million fucks were probably given on that day by a million teenagers all around the world, but none by this particular William Lee Graham.

“Can -- can we print this photograph?” Hannibal asked.

“Hell no, love!”

“But, you are exquisite. Look at you,” Hannibal said looking at Will, then back at screen Will.

“Come on, I was so goofy. Susie and I would cut school and take the bus to New Orleans and hang out at cemeteries all day, reading *The Bell Jar* and reciting Edgar Allan Poe.” Will laughed and added, “We were sooo dramatic.”

“Is...your nose pierced?” Hannibal asked with wonder. “And your lip?!”

Will chose to ignore the question and continued, “Anyway, we broke up soon after. She said I was too weird, even for her.”

“Clearly, it was her loss.”

“Damn straight,” Will muttered and then continued, “It’s a shame, too. When I was dressed like that, I felt like I had an armor of sorts. I didn’t care what others thought of me. I felt that maybe my insides and outsides finally matched -- if that makes any sense. It was liberating.”

Will then got up from the desk, “Alright, that’s enough of that nonsense.” Closing the laptop he offered Hannibal a hand.

“Oof! My knees are not as springy as they once were I’m afraid.”

Will winked, “Well, if you like we can go upstairs and I’ll get on my knees.”

Hannibal grinned, and eagerly led Will out of the study.

Once Will was fast asleep, exhausted from their rigorous afternoon, Hannibal quickly returned to the study. He opened the laptop, the yearbook website still open. He then noticed a link which read:

Download a high quality JPG of your senior portrait here. Only \$19.99!

Using one of their safe credit cards, Hannibal placed his order. A few moments later, he was printing an 8 x 10 of William Lee Graham’s senior portrait.



Later, when Will came down for dinner, he noticed a new photo hung in the living room.

“Hannibal? Hannibal!”

“Yes?” he called from the kitchen.

“What the hell is that?” Will asked.

Hannibal walked over to Will and said, “I believe that is your high school portrait.”

“You know what I mean, love.”

“I think it looks perfect there, don’t you?”

Will was about to protest when Hannibal then continued, “Yes, it is perfect there. And there it will remain. The portrait will remain up, if you would like to ever be up again, dear Will”

Hannibal smiled sweetly, wiping his hands on his apron and returned to the kitchen. Will sighed and much to his chagrin, there the photo remained...



Chapter End Notes

Title is from a Siouxsie and the Banshees song of the same name. [Kiss Them for Me](#).

The Princess and the Dragon

Chapter Summary

Hannibal likes to watch Will sleep. When Will starts talking in his sleep, Dr. Lecter jumps into psychoanalytic action.

Chapter Notes

From the Tumblr prompt: "I understand the whole sleep talking thing but what I don't understand is the princess dragon dream and why I'm in it." Requested by [Victorine](#).

Hannibal loved watching Will sleep. He admitted it was a rather macabre hobby, but considering his other proclivities, a harmless one indeed.

Will's regular nightmares had long ceased, only making a cameo every now and then. Depending on the severity of the dream, Hannibal would chose whether or not to intervene; a soft kiss on the forehead, a gentle stroke on the back, a whispered "I love you" in the ear, till the twitching and whimpering went away.

On occasion, verbalization would accompany the nightmare. Now this fascinated Hannibal immensely. Ever the psychoanalyst, he would cling on Will's every R.E.M.-infused word, privy to his own personal reality show.

One balmy evening, after a particularly rich dinner, when Hannibal rose from the bed to open the windows and let in the breeze, Will began talking in his sleep.

"Mmmm, yes. Hannibal don't stop. Keep going," Will groaned.

Hannibal climbed back into bed, and propped himself up on his elbow, watching Will.

"Where are you? There's my princess. My sweet princess. Love, I'll save you..."

Hannibal scrunched up his face, "Princess?"

He then leaned in and said softly, "Tell me more about your princess."

Will moaned and turned over, as he mumbled, "Sleep..." and then began to snore loudly.

The next morning, Hannibal smiled as Will walked into the kitchen for breakfast.

"How did you sleep, Mongoose?" Hannibal asked as he handed Will a plate of goat cheese and fig frittata with a whiskey reduction sauce.

"Fine, thanks. This looks delicious, love," he kissed Hannibal on the cheek.

“Any strange dreams?”

Will shrugged, “Not that I recall. Why? Did I dream?”

“Yes, actually, and this time you spoke.”

“Huh. That hardly ever happens anymore,” Will said as he helped himself to some fruit salad.

“You mentioned something about saving someone,” Hannibal said.

“Weird,” Will said as he shrugged again and dug into his breakfast. Hannibal studied him for a moment.

“Aren’t you going to join me?” Will asked as he patted the seat next to him.

Hannibal smiled and grabbed his plate to join Will.

The following week, Will was in the throes of another nightmare when he turned sideways violently and slapped Hannibal on the face.

“Jesus!” Hannibal said bolting upright. Rubbing his cheek, he looked over at Will whose face was covered in a layer of sheen.

Will spoke in his sleep, “Yes. You’re my little princess. I’ll save you. I will win...”

“Save me?” Hannibal asked. “Save me from what, Will?”

“Slay that dragon. Slaaaay! Dragon. Don’t...” Will whined.

“Don’t what, Will?”

“Don’t hurt my princess, you bad dragon.”

And then Will went still and was back in a deep, quiet sleep. Hannibal took notes and wrote down what Will had said. Was he still thinking of Dolarhyde after all this time?

The following evening, the two were having an evening drink in the study when Hannibal decided the best route was a direct one.

“Do you still have unresolved angst and anxiety about Francis?”

“What? Where is this coming from?”

“From you, Mongoose,” Hannibal said swirling his wine glass.

“Me?”

“Yes. You’ve been dreaming about him as of late. So clearly, he is inhabiting your unconscious and haunting your dreams.”

Will slammed back his whiskey, raised an eyebrow and then said, "Proceed, doctor." He needed to hear what crazy ass road Hannibal was taking him down this time around.

"And while I completely understand the sleep talking, what I don't understand is the nature of the princess dragon dream -- and why I am in it."

"Christ, Hannibal. Are you serious?"

"Yes, why have you chosen to portray me as a princess in your dream? Is it because of my nobility? Because of your desire to put me on a pedestal? Or is the princess your mother? And perhaps *I* am the dragon?"

Will looked at him and mouthed the word, "Wow." Then put his hand up to his face in disbelief as he shook his head.

Hannibal suddenly felt as though a spotlight had been shined on him, "So...I feel your guilt may possibly be manifesting itself by---"

Will held up a hand, "Okay. I don't need to hear the rest. You're done, mister."

Hannibal frowned.

"Oh lord, Hannibal. What did I say about psychoanalyzing me?"

"I won't like you when you're psychoanalyzed?" Hannibal said in the intonation of a chastised child.

Will jumped off the sofa, and walked out of the room. He then came back and handed Hannibal his tablet.

"What's this?" Hannibal asked.

Will turned it on and opened a game called *Dragon Slayer Rising*.

"It's a game, and I'm saving the princess from a dragon. See? I admit I've been hooked on it for last couple of weeks or so. And sometimes before I go to bed, I keep replaying this level I can't get past in my head."

Hannibal watched as a tiny knight appeared on screen, launching a flaming sword toward a red dragon.

Will smiled and said, "Hannibal, my love, sometimes a cigar is just a cigar."

Hannibal blushed furiously.

"I apologize."

Will kissed Hannibal and said, "Good. Now you can make it up to me by helping me figure out how to pass this damn level. Scoot over."

The Wrath of the Cat

Chapter Summary

Will buys Hannibal the goofiest present he can possibly think of. Hannibal's reaction is interesting to say the least. A cracky little fic with Photoshop shenanigans.

Chapter Notes

This is for [Chronicopheliac](#).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Hannibal did not enjoy celebrating his birthday -- at all, in the slightest. Thank you, but no.

"It's meaningless. We all grow old, every one of us, and there is no need to celebrate it with cake and presents and nonsense," he said as he sat on the sofa in the study.

"Well, aren't you just a ball of sunshine? But what if I want to get you cake and presents and nonsense?" Will asked as he stood in front of his currently grumpy husband. Hannibal pulled Will onto his lap, his mood suddenly lifting.

"Look, old man," Will continued "it's your birthday whether you want it to be or not."

Hannibal shrugged his shoulders and said, "I may very well be an old man but I am your old man, boy." He leaned in to nuzzle Will's neck.

"Gross! Stop calling me boy," Will said in between peals of laughter as Hannibal dotted his neck with rows of kisses.

The idea occurred to him as Anaïs was lounging on top of the harpsichord. "If your father sees you, you're a dead cat walking."

She swished her tail, indifferent, looked at Will briefly then turned away.

"Whatever, missy. You go ahead and swish your tail. I should totally take your picture and show it to him."

If Anaïs had the powers of speech, Will was pretty certain that this would be the point in the conversation where would tell him to fuck off.

"Yep, I should totally take...your picture. Yes! Take your damn picture, you prissy snot."

Will instantly ran to his tablet and looked up the nearest pet photo studio. It would be tricky to get Anaïs out of the house without Hannibal noticing but lucky for him, Hannibal just so happened to be attending a lecture on French cheeses (“For better or worse,” Will often reminded himself) and scheduled her portrait for that day.

Once Hannibal was able to regain his powers of speech and mobility, he leaned over and fervently kissed Will on the lips.

“That was quite a way to wake me up, Mongoose. Good morning, indeed.”

Will smiled, pushing his sweaty curls out of his eyes. “Happy birthday, love.”

Hannibal smirked and then waggled his eyebrows, “Was that my present?”

Will kissed Hannibal and said, “No, but I have one!” He jumped out of the bed, and ran over to the closet where he returned to the bed carrying a large package wrapped in gold paper and a big black ribbon.

“William...I thought I made it clear that I did not want -- or need -- a present.”

“Oh hush, and open it.” Will said as he got back under the covers and sat up, leaning against the headboard.

Hannibal smiled and began to unwrap the gift.

“It doesn’t really count as a present anyway, because it’s more of a gag gift. I know you’re going to hate it -- but I thought it was funny.”

“Well, with that sort of endorsement I cannot wait,” Hannibal said as he tore off the last piece of wrapping.

It was a picture frame and in it, a very stylized and posh portrait of Anaïs.



Hannibal stared at it and then said, “But...she is a girl. Not a boy.”

Will said, “Yeah, the photographer and I had fun with that. I suggested dressing her up Marlene Dietrich. So funny, right? I promise, you don’t have to hang it up. Do you like it?”

“No.”

“Well, no need to be totally rude now.”

“No, Will. I don’t like it. I love it!”

“What?”

Hannibal then began to laugh in earnest. “My darling girl! Ha! Look what you’ve done to her. She is just darling!”

Will was so tickled with Hannibal’s reaction, that he joined in with the laughter as well.

A few weeks later, Will came home to find a wrapped gift on the dining room table.

“What’s this?” Will asked as Hannibal came up behind him to envelop him in a warm hug.

“A little something for you. We hope you like it.”

“We?”

Hannibal squeezed Will tighter and said, “Yes, Anaïs and me.”

Will gave Hannibal a quick peck on the cheek then walked over to unwrap it.

“Holy shit,” Will whispered.

“Isn’t it fantastic?”

“Well, that’s one word for it,” Will said with a tiny snort.



“Love, all I have to say is you can never, ever give me shit about my knitting sweaters for the dogs and Anaïs -- ever.”

“The faux mustache is quite good, isn’t it?” Hannibal said happily admiring the portrait. “Perhaps I’ll hang it next to your senior portrait?”

Hannibal took the frame and walked to the next room.

Will couldn’t help but begin to laugh in earnest. He shook his head as he picked up the discarded wrapping paper, and thought *This is the man I’ve chosen to spend the rest of my life with*. That made Will Graham giddier than ten school girls combined.

He ran over to join Hannibal in the next room.

Chapter End Notes

Shout out to [Devereauxs_Disease](#) who suggested Will had Anaïs styled after [this beauty](#).

Monday Morning

Chapter Summary

Coffee in bed. Monday morning Hannigram drabble for you.

Chapter Notes



Hannibal turned over, accidentally kicking Anaïs off the bed.

“I’m sorry, darling,” he says as she jumps back on and stares with reproach.

Just then Will enters the bedroom with two cups of coffee, two dogs at his feet. His hair a bedraggled mess, pajama pants dragging across the floor, wearing a stretched out David Bowie t-shirt.

And as Will climbs back into bed, coffee cup carefully handed over, Hannibal looks around to assess what his life has become. Dogs chasing one another, cat licking herself, Will smiling – glasses low on his nose – and Hannibal realizes he’s never been happier.

Tears Go By

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal spend a few moments crying in front of one another, but it's not quite what you think.

Chapter Notes

For [Hannibalnuxvoxmica](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A single tear rolled down Hannibal's face -- eloquent and to the point, leaving a damp trail of despair behind.

Will looked at Hannibal's face with wonder as his lips, in turn, began to quiver; eyes brimming with wet sadness.

Hannibal sniffed once then said, "Well done, Will. I admire the lip quiver; it brings a raw authenticity."

Will wiped his eyes and said, "And you, love, have the classiest rolling teardrop ever."

The two smiled as they admired each other's fake crying technique, a skill that had indeed come in handy to them both throughout their lives.

"So what do you think about to make you cry?" Will asked.

"Well it varies on the moment and the audience, at that point I can then imagine something fitting that will bring the tears to the forefront. Sometimes I thought about the suffering of others, or nights at the orphanage – other times I thought about you despising me. That was an effective one."

Will smiled at Hannibal, and was about to ask if he ever thought of Mischa but then immediately knew the answer. Hannibal would never use the memory of Mischa in that way. She remained safely hidden in his Memory Palace with eternal tea parties and biscuits, with kittens playing in the sunshine, with her brother watching over her eternally.

"And you, *mylimasis*? What did you think about?"

Will was suddenly pulled out of his head space and frowned upon hearing Hannibal's question.

"What? Oh...no. You know. I'd prefer not to say."

"Why not? You asked me and I responded truthfully."

“Oh...it’s embarrassing. I really... you know.”

Hannibal smirked and leaned in to poke Will in the stomach, “No, I don’t know. I insist you tell me.”

“No.”

“William,” Hannibal then lurched in, and tickled Will. Will squirmed and tried to remain stoic.

“Oh god! Fine! Fine!” he said in between the throaty laughter he finally released.

“Yes, tell me.”

Will felt his face burn and replied, “I think of that ASPCA commercial with all of those homeless dogs that need a place to live. That’s all –” Will then began to choke up.

“Oh, Mongoose!” Hannibal said with a smirk. He got up, shaking his head, and walked out of the room, chuckling. “Oh, Mongoose!”

Will sniffed once again, and called out with a pout, “Up yours, Hannibal!”

Will smirked as he heard Hannibal’s laughter echo down the hallway.

Chapter End Notes

I feel you, Will. That commercial *IS* sad as fuck. Watch [if you dare](#).

Title taken [from this song](#).

Like? No. Love? Maybe.

Chapter Summary

A birthday ficlet for [Feyestwords](#). Will is a Chicago Cubs fan. Hannibal tries to understand the hoopla.

"Chips, guacamole, beer, pillows -- let's do this," Will said as he turned on the television and settled into the sofa.

Hannibal sat next to Will studying his face; he saw a different kind of mirth he hadn't seen before. It intrigued him, fascinated him. He wanted to learn more.

"Why is it called the World Series if it just involves American teams?" Hannibal asked. "That seems rather jingoistic, doesn't it?"

Will chuckled, "I guess so."

"So, you like this team?" Hannibal asked as he dipped a chip into the poblano pineapple guacamole he made for Will.

"Like? No. Love? Maybe. Is it possible to be in love with a baseball team?"

"Is it?"

"See, the Chicago Cubs have been trying for over 100 years to get to the World Series. They've been plagued by bad luck and shattered dreams, but their fans have always stood by them -- even while their hearts have been broken time and time again."

Hannibal watched as Will's expression turned soft.

"Even though we moved around a lot when I was kid, my dad had always been a Cubs fan. His dad was a Cubs fan. I'm not sure why, really. I remember being around seven or eight, sitting on the couch next to my dad, watching the games. He smelled like cigarettes and cheap beer, and I'd eat a ton of pork rinds and feel content because for a second there, while watching the games, we were happy."

Hannibal smiled.

"Even when they lost, we could commiserate together," Will smirked with a shrug. "Over the years, I didn't really follow the games like I did when I was kid, but I kept an eye on them."

Hannibal then understood what this meant for Will. It was more than just a team or a game. This was a reminder of family, of the happy normal life he had wished for as a child but had only gotten glimpses of. Hannibal worked hard to make sure Will had all of that now. He was Will's family, and would continue to make up for all that lost time.

"I hope they win, Mongoose," Hannibal said.

“Me too,” Will replied as his body began bouncing up and down slightly on the sofa.

Hannibal put his arm over Will’s shoulder and watched Will watch the game.

Matching Murder Husband Tattoos

Chapter Notes

From the Tumblr prompt by [petite-mortem](#):



so for my bday I am getting a tattoo and I want either "this is my design"
on my wrist or antlers (nape?!)
AND holy hell I found this! ^^^ isn't that hannigram af?! (without the dad
haha) ^^* damn
Prompt! murder husbands matching tattoos !?
may I tag [@wrathofthetstag](#) and ask you what you think about them getting
tattoos? :'))

Well, then! First of all, I love tattoos so congrats on getting one. All righty then, here's what I came up with on short notice. Hope you like it and thanks again for the prompt. ;)

"What about 'Will cannot be quenched against its will?'" Hannibal asked, his smile slightly askew.

"Let me guess, Dante?" Will said as he playfully poked Hannibal in the shoulder.

Hannibal nodded, "But it's a play on words! See? Will? Will!"

Will laughed, "Oh boy, I cannot believe we are doing this. We're doing this! Why...are we doing this?"

Hannibal shrugged, still feeling the warmth of drunkenness cozily washing over him. "It was your idea, mongoose."

"But I'm drunk...ish. What do I know?"

The two were currently in a small tattoo parlor just outside of Prague, after spending the weekend there. Only a few hours earlier, Hannibal and Will had been enjoying some drinks in a charming – yet divey – bar they discovered trying to make their way back to the small hotel they were staying in. That's when a heavily tattooed man, with a motorcycle helmet in hand, walked in.

Will, after having thrown back another shot of whiskey, said, "You know what we should do?"

"Hmmm?" Hannibal replied, as he dreamily ran his fingers through Will's hair.

“We should totally get matching tattoos!” He yelled as he pointed at the man.

Hannibal furrowed his brow. “Will, would you deign to put a bumper sticker on a Bentley?”

Will stared at Hannibal for a moment then laughed, “Oh my god, you are something else. Come on, let’s do it.”

“Why?”

“Because it’s something you and I would never do – you more so than me. Let’s be whimsical and spontaneous. Let’s do it!”

“I could do without whimsy in my life, Will.”

Will signaled the bartender for two more drinks, then said, “We’re doing this! I’m going to ask that guy for a tattoo parlor recommendation.”

And so, they currently found themselves perusing tattoo books trying to decide on something they would both like.

“A cartoon character?” Will asked.

“Do you value your life, Will?” Hannibal asked.

Will frowned, “Okay, what then? A symbol? A quote? Your face?!”

“I wish I still had the drawing of that clock you made...”

“Oh, fuck off, mister,” Will said laughing. “Wow! I can’t believe you just said that.”

Hannibal smirked, “This is quite possibly the stupidest thing I will ever do in my life, and considering who I am that is quite the statement.”

Will pulled up his phone and began Googling with great fervor. He scrolled for a few moments, and then smiled, “I’ve got it!”

An hour later, the two left the parlor somewhat sober and somewhat sore, marked in the same place, in the same exact way; each becoming more and more identical with every passing day.

Their tattoos? Quite simply four words in Latin, with dark red ink and a simple script, just below their hearts: *Serva me, servabo te*.

Save me and I will save you.

Consider the Antler

Chapter Summary

From the Anonymous Tumblr prompt: "I know this has probably been said before, but please consider Hannibal in reindeer antlers." Sounds good to me, Nonny. Let's consider it! A ficlet for you, my *deer*.

Chapter Notes



“What is that?”

“Antlers.”

“Yes, I know what it is. I meant, what is it doing here? Is that for the dog?”

“I don’t know, is it?”

Will climbed into the bed with an antler headband in hand. He crawled toward Hannibal, a smile spread across his face as he slithered.

“I’m not sure what your intentions are but I do not approve, Will.”

Hannibal tried not to smirk, and instead playfully kicked at Will.

“Hey -- hey, now! Watch those feet. I just want to see how you’d look in these.”

“No.”

Will held out the antlers, tilting his head coquettishly.

“I can tell you how I will look. I will look ridiculous, so there’s no need to test this. I give into your whims almost every day, but with this I put my foot down. No.”

Will’s eyebrows flew up. “Really? You’re putting your foot down?”

“Yes. Absolutely. I’m not your doll to dress up, Will.”

“Wow. You *almost* sounds serious, Hannibal.”

By now, Will had managed to crawl closer and was straddling Hannibal. He ground down once, causing Hannibal to instinctively push up against him.

“I said no.”

“No? You won’t even consider it?”

Will pressed down once again.

Hannibal remained silent.

“So that’s a maybe then?” Will asked as he held out the antlers.

“Sometimes, I wish the ocean had swallowed us whole,” Hannibal responded with a pout.

“Well now you’re just being dramatic, you big horse’s ass.”

Hannibal laughed, a hearty, throaty laugh. “I believe you mean deer’s ass.”

Will shrugged and plopped the antlers onto Hannibal’s chest.

“Fine. I guess we won’t have any reindeer games.”

Will began to climb off Hannibal, who in turn struck quickly and grabbed him by the wrists.

Hannibal sat up, and pulled Will closer to him as he purred, “Let’s not be rash now...what kind of games did you have in mind?”

“Put the antlers on,” Will said into Hannibal’s mouth, “and you’ll find out.”

Hannibal darted his tongue, licking into Will’s mouth quickly -- wrists still tightly holding on.

“You are a terror.”

Will rolled his hips, “So I hear. I’ve been called worse.”

“Put them on.”

Will smiled -- a flirty, dirty thing. “What was that? I couldn’t hear...”

“Put them on,” Hannibal repeated, squeezing Will’s wrists painfully tight.

“Since you’re being so pushy about it, I guess I’ll put these on you. If that’s what you want.”

Hannibal let go of Will’s wrists, and watched as Will licked his lips and placed the antlers on his head.

“There. Was that so bad?”

“If you take a photo, so help me I will call Jack myself.”

“Shut up and kiss me,” Will said as he wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s neck.

It was a small thing, really, but Will would never get over the thrill of knowing he owned Hannibal. And if Hannibal were being honest with himself, neither would he.

It's a Gift

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*“Do not be afraid; our fate
Cannot be taken from us; it is a gift.”*
— Dante Alighieri, *Inferno*



In the darkest hours of the darkest hours, Will Graham knows what he has become. But if he is being truthful, he knows he has merely shared with the world who he has always been. What he has always been.

Without shame and without fear, this being that had been carefully hidden from the light like undeveloped film which becomes spoilt when exposed, has been uncovered. Its façade in ruins. There is pleasure in this ruination, however. And at the source is Hannibal Lecter. Always Hannibal.

Brother, father, friend, lover. He is both a reward and a punishment.



Randall Tier had been right, no one forced Will to enjoy anything, but oh, how he did. It'd be easy to say it was all Hannibal's doing, his manipulation, his influence, but Will knows damn well that blame has a habit of not sticking to Hannibal Lecter. And so, Will delighted and Hannibal adored him for it.

Even while they fell, clawing and clinging to one another desperately as the Atlantic held her arms wide to take them and enfold them, Will knew that if they survived that leap of foolishness and faith, Will Graham would still have to die.

And in his place, emerging from a watery grave would be a new Will. Stronger than he had ever been. Brilliant and cunning.

This fulfilled fate (this perverse gift that was given to him on silver platter, like John the Baptist's head) was something that could never be taken away.

Fierce and unafraid, the new Will Graham lives ready to embrace his fate alongside Hannibal Lecter. Delighting, not tolerating. Ready to love, and kill for that love. He will destroy, unrepentant, bestial and willing. Brother, father, friend, lover.

He is who he is, hidden no more. This, his now eternal design.



Chapter End Notes

Happy belated birthday to [Weconqueratdawn](#) <333 A little written something, and Photoshopping just for you, my friend.

So Much Depends...

Chapter Summary

An old tool shed, an abandoned bicycle. Two fools in love.

Chapter Notes



See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He first noticed it when they broke open the padlock of the old shed which obviously had sat abandoned for far too long. It didn't take much to destroy the lock. A swift hit with a blunt rock was all it took; oxidized fragments of metal fell to the ground. Hannibal looked at the specks of rust on his palms which gleamed in the sunlight like tiny angry flames, like a dying match, like small waves dancing on the Atlantic.

"It'll take quite some time to clear all this out," Will said as he inspected the inside of the shed. It was their fifth house together, and Hannibal had already declared that this would be their home for a while.

Home. Their home.

“Well, whatever needs to be done shall be done, Will,” Hannibal responded as he wiped his hands on his pants then gingerly stepped inside.

And it was there that he saw it. In the corner of the shed, amongst the old tools and gardening detritus sat a long deserted bicycle. Hannibal’s mouth quirked slightly upon seeing it. When was the last time he had been on a bicycle he wondered? When he was a boy, he loved riding the green bicycle his mama and papa had bought for him.

“Don’t come back too late,” Simonetta had called out as young Hannibal pedaled away, his thin legs working so hard, so fast – the wind in his face, the world open and ready for him to explore.

Will pointed out an old wheelbarrow, then turned with a smile and said to Hannibal, “So much depends upon a red wheelbarrow...”

Hannibal smirked as he pulled the bicycle up and out of the shed. He leaned it against the trunk of their jacaranda tree then lowered himself onto his haunches to inspect it more closely.

Will walked up behind him and said, “Do you want me to fix it up for you? Seems like it can be salvaged.”

Hannibal turned to look at Will, who stood with the sun shining behind him, a halo around his head.

“If you like.”

Will leaned down and placed his hand on Hannibal’s cheek, “I like.”

The two smiled softly, and began to work on the shed in earnest.

About a week later, Hannibal woke early one morning and walked to the kitchen to make their coffee, when found himself standing face to face with a bicycle in the living room. It was the bicycle from the shed, only now it had a large red bow on it. Hannibal approached it, and ran his hand up and down the frame.

“Do you like it?”

At the bottom of the stairs stood Will, still wrapped in a cloud of sleepiness, barefoot and smiling.

“When did you repair it?” Hannibal asked.

“While you were sleeping. I wanted to surprise you.”

“I adore it,” Hannibal replied. “And you. I adore you.”

Will beamed as Hannibal extended a hand, which Will gladly took. The two instantly became lost in each other yet again. The inevitable inevitability.

And so it became that Hannibal, rode throughout the Argentine countryside, on a bicycle given to him by the man he loved, feeling the wind on his face, the small world he and Will created open and ready to be explored.

And on the days he was feeling extra whimsical, for Hannibal so did love whimsy, he would ride the bicycle throughout their home. Just to make Will laugh.

Chapter End Notes

Happiest of birthdays to [TigerPrawn](#) and [HotSauce418](#).

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!